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ALEXANDER AND
SOME OTHER CATS



ALEXANDER

ALEXANDER AND SOME OTHER CATS

Compiled and arranged by
SARAH J. EDDY



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Dedicated

TO ALL THOSE WHO LOVE CATS
AND TO ALL THOSE WHO DO
NOT LOVE THEM BECAUSE
THEY DO NOT KNOW THEM

CONTENTS

FOREWORD	xiii
WHAT HAS BEEN SAID ABOUT CATS	1
Quotations from Edward E. Whiting, Philip G. Hamerton, Agnes Repplier, Théophile Gautier, William Lyon Phelps, St. George Mivart, Professor Romanes and many others. Grace and beauty of cats — their sensitiveness and intelligence — their capacity for affection — their possession of language. Famous Persons who have Loved Cats.	
THE INTELLIGENCE OF CATS	25
Incidents to show that cats understand human language; easily become adept at using mechanical appliances, clearly express their needs and desires and often show interest and helpfulness toward other animals.	
MOTHER LOVE OF CATS	47
Dr. Gordon Stables on the depth of the maternal instinct in cats. Stories to illustrate the devotion of cats to their young. Cats as foster mothers.	
KITTENS	65
The Poets on Kittens. Miss Repplier's description of a kitten. Kittens and little children.	
AFFECTION FOR PERSONS	73
Stories that show how much affection cats have for their owners.	
INDIVIDUAL CATS	87
Alexander, Togo, Toby and Timothy, Tabs, Tootsie, Tom, Agrippina, Friday, Tripp, Mephisto, Thomas Erastus, John Steven McCroarty's "Yellow Cat," Fluffy, Bialka.	

Contents

CAT AND DOG STORIES	113
Stories that prove the frequency of friendship and affection between cats and dogs.	
TIMOTHY GOODSPEED	123
The tale of a painting that traveled the country and taught the lesson of kindness.	
WHY WE NEED CATS	129
A Plea for the Cat — “Why We Need Cats” leaflet by Mrs. Anna Harris Smith — Cats and Rats — Licensing a mistake.	
HOW TO TREAT CATS	143
Directions for the Care and Feeding of Cats. How to Travel with Cats. The Question of Meat. The Diseases of Cats.	
THE DESERTED CAT	165
The Problem of Homeless and Vagrant Cats. How to Chloroform a Cat Humanely. How to Drown Kittens Humanely. The Prevention of Surplus Cats.	
ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUES. LEAFLETS	177
The Need for Rescue Leagues; How to Organize One. How to Organize a Humane Society. Pet Animal Shows. Cat Shows. An Imaginary Conversation. A Letter to Children. “Mollie White-foot’s Vacation.”	

ILLUSTRATIONS

	<i>Facing page</i>
ALEXANDER	Frontispiece
A SHAM BATTLE	6
ALEXANDER ON "OUR DUMB ANIMALS"	6
ALEXANDER — HIS MARK	7
ALEXANDER AT HOME	14
ALEXANDER ASKING FOR "MORE"	15
SUPPERTIME FOR ALEXANDER	22
ALEXANDER WAITING	22
KUNI IN GARDEN	23
ALEXANDER INTERESTED	23
A WELL FILLED BASKET	30
KITTENS PLAYING	30
KEEP YOUR DISTANCE	31
"HOW MUCH DO I WEIGH?"	31
READY FOR A RIDE	40
A QUIET MOMENT	41
A GOOD TIME	41
THE UNINVITED GUESTS	44
CONFIDENCE	45
EXCITEMENT	45
NOONDAY REST	54
MOTHER CAT	55
KISSING HER KITTEN	55
REPOSE	62
A YOUNG FAMILY	62
WHAT DO WE SEE?	63
A HAPPY HOME	63
BRIGHT EYES	70
ON GRANDMA'S TABLE	70

Illustrations

MORNING TOILET	71
INNOCENCE	71
A QUARTETTE	78
NEW STYLE IN HATS	79
A PEACEFUL CONVENTION	79
AFTER DINNER	84
VALUABLE PLAYTHINGS	85
A PLEASANT REFLECTION	96
MATERNAL CARES	97
WHO ARE YOU?	102
THE CHALLENGE	102
SURPRISE	103
CHESS — THE PROBLEM	110
CHESS — THEY MOVE	111
FAST ASLEEP	118
AMONG THE ANTIQUE TREASURES	118
ALEXANDER	119
KUNI, KITO AND THEIR MOTHER	126
GOLDIE AND BROWNIE	126
TOBY	127
GENTLE KITTY GRAY	136
INVESTIGATION	137
KITO — BUSY	137
MEENA IN GARDEN	140
MEENA ON STUMP	140
MEENA POSING	141
“FRIDAY”	141
SILVER LADDIE	150
SILVER LADDIE	150
KITO	151
KUNI WITH ANTIQUE PITCHER	151
JOHN STEVEN McGROARTY’S “YELLOW CAT”	158
TRIPP — THE NINETEEN YEAR OLD CAT	159
BROTHER AND SISTER	168
GOLDIE AND BROWNIE	168
KUNI	169

Illustrations

TIMOTHY	172
"MEPHISTO"	172
JIMMY AND JEFF	173
KITTEN PLAYING	182
A CAPABLE CAT	182
JOHNNY	183
QUESTIONING	190
VIGILANT	190
MEDITATION	191
A TRAVELING BASKET	200
"PLEASE OPEN THE DOOR"	201
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LEAFLETS BY THE ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE AND THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY	204

FOREWORD

WHEN I decided to compile a book of stories to emphasize the fact that cats are very sensitive, intelligent and capable of affection, I did not realize how much had been written already about them. It has been a difficult task to select from a great volume of material a comparatively few examples of genuine intelligence and of real affection in cats. In spite of a general belief to the contrary, cats do often display the warmest attachment to their owners. They even show a frequent ability to travel and to adapt themselves to new places, if only the beloved owner is there.

A great many books have been written about cats. The reader will probably be surprised to learn how many famous persons have loved cats and been loved by them in return.

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Alexander and Some Other Cats

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WHAT HAS BEEN SAID ABOUT CATS

Alexander and Some Other Cats



WHAT HAS BEEN SAID ABOUT CATS

THE cat is eloquent of home. The cat is the companion of the fireside. The cat is the banisher of pessimism, the comforter of loneliness and the humbler of false pride. The cares of the day may be heavy, the problems of living may oppress and discourage, but come home from them in the evening, sit down with the family cat by your side and there comes a new perspective, a new understanding of the philosophy of life itself.

Edward E. Whiting

THE COMPANIONABLE CAT

OF ALL animals we can have in a room with us the cat is the least disquieting. Her presence is soothing to a student as the presence of a quiet nurse is soothing to an invalid. It is agreeable to feel that you are not absolutely alone, and it seems to you, when you are at work, as if the cat took care that all her movements should be noiseless, purely out of consideration for your comfort. Then, if you have time to caress her, you know that she will purr a response; and why doubt the sincerity of her affection?

Philip G. Hamerton

THE USEFUL CAT

ITS GREAT practical usefulness is the cat's chief recommendation with many, but there is also much sentiment associated with this small animal. Rich and poor alike have welcomed it to their homes, and have given it a place at the fireside, where, relieved from fear, and amid congenial surroundings, its nervous sensitive nature has expanded and developed showing many charming qualities. Those well acquainted with the cat declare it to be an affectionate, intelligent and interesting companion. Among the poor it has pathetic interest. Often being the one bit of fun and brightness in homes where life is too grim and strenuous, and where the wolf stands too close to the door for smiles to be frequent. Because the keeping of it is so very inexpensive, the cat is here the only pet which could be afforded; and it is indeed a luxury, its winsome playfulness being a continual delight. There would be more tears than usual on the wan, sad faces of poverty's children, and less of cheer and sunshine in their barren, desolate lives, should Cat License Bills be passed, and these little dumb friends and playfellows be ruthlessly torn from their arms.

Mary Craige Yarrow



KINDNESS THE KEY

CATS VARY in disposition as human beings do, but there are very few that will not respond quickly to kind treatment. In beginning with a kitten, it will be found that kindness will beget confidence. It gives an air of homeliness to a house to have in it a large, sleek, fireside cat, who feels the security that all respectable members of a family should feel.

Mary F. Lovell

What Has Been Said About Cats

Let a cat learn to know you sufficiently well to lose its sense of fear and it develops into as companionable a creature as it is possible for a dumb animal to become.

THE SYMBOL OF THE HOME

“PERHAPS THE most common of all our pets is the domestic cat. From the lordly mansion to the humble cottage, there is scarcely a house that does not possess one of these useful and ornamental creatures. No artist would ever paint the interior of a cottager’s home without a cat upon the hearth. Puss, purring before the fire, like the kettle singing on the hob, is an emblem of peace, rest and comfort. She looks so placid and comfortable, expressing such intense satisfaction with things in general, that it somehow calms our own restless minds to sit and listen to her. She is easily pleased. Whether lying asleep or climbing trees, or rushing about in mad spirits, every gesture and attitude is full of perfect grace and beauty. . . .”

Anon

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SENSITIVENESS OF THE CAT

AS to cats in general Miss Helen Winslow writes as follows:—“It is not easy to study a cat. They are like sensitive plants, and shut themselves instinctively away from the human being who does not care for them. They know when a man or woman loves them, almost before they come into the human presence; and it is almost useless for the unsympathetic person to try to study a cat. But the thousands who do love cats know that they are the most individual animals in the world.

Dogs and horses are our slaves; cats never. This does not prove them without affection as some people think; on the

Alexander and Some Other Cats

contrary it proves their peculiar and characteristic dignity and self-respect. Women, poets and especially artists like cats; delicate natures only can realize their sensitive nervous systems."

THE CAT

“*Think of her beautiful gliding form,
Her tread that would scarcely crush a worm,
And her soothing song by the winter fire,
Soft as the dying throb of a lyre.*”

Wordsworth

In her book “Workers Without Wage” Edith Carrington says—“Those who have taken cats as their friends, and tried to do them justice, will not listen to a word said against them, or allow that they are second to any creature in power of loving trustfulness, in obedience, gentleness and self-denial.”

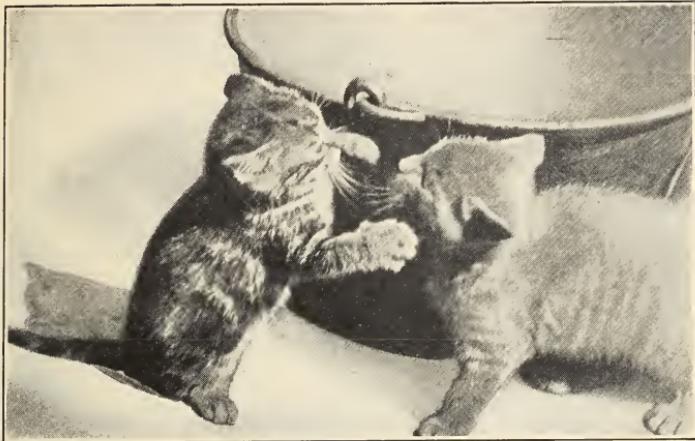
THE CAT IS INDEPENDENT

TO THE true lover of the race, shining fur and rounded limbs are not the only charms.

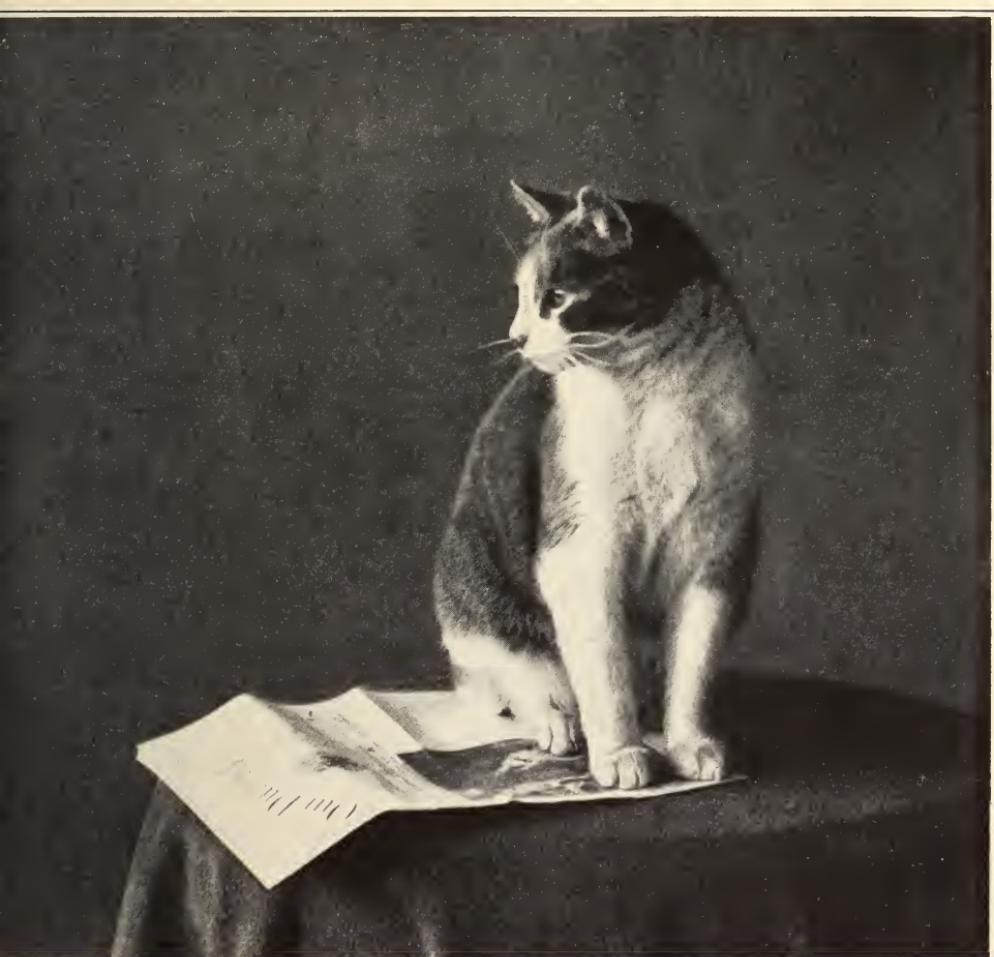
“*He that loves a rosy cheek,*”

or its feline equivalent, may lose much in the character, the astuteness, the hundred winning and delightful traits that oftenest accompany humble parentage, and a plain little grey and black coat. Many a common puss holds the hearts of a household in her keeping because of qualities too subtle to be defined, too dominant to be resisted or ignored. When we know just what it is that we value in friend or cat, the analysis blights our affection. . . .

“But, in truth, it is impossible for a lover of cats to banish



A SHAM BATTLE (*Photographer Unknown*)



ALEXANDER ON "OUR DUMB ANIMALS"



ALEXANDER — HIS MARK

What Has Been Said About Cats

these alert, gentle, and discriminating little friends, who give us just enough of their regard and complaisance to make us hunger for more. M. Fee, the naturalist, who has written so admirably about animals, and who understands, as only a Frenchman can understand, the delicate and subtle organization of a cat, frankly admits that the keynote of its character is independence. It dwells under our roof, sleeps by our fire, endures our blandishments, and apparently enjoys our society, without acknowledging any servile relation to the human creature who shelters it."

"Rude and masterful souls resent this fine self-sufficiency in a domestic animal, and require that it shall have no will but theirs, no pleasure that does not emanate from them."

"Yet there are people, less magisterial perhaps, or less exacting, who believe that true friendship, even with an animal, may be built up on mutual esteem and independence; that to demand gratitude is to be unworthy of it; and that obedience is not essential to agreeable and healthy intercourse. A man who owns a dog is, in every sense of the word, its master; the term expresses accurately their mutual relations. But it is ridiculous when applied to the limited possession of a cat. I am certainly not Agrippina's mistress, and the assumption of authority on my part would be a mere empty dignity, like those swelling titles which afford such innocent delight to the Free-masons of our severe republic."

Agnes Repplier

HOW TO MAKE A CAT YOUR FRIEND

"TO GAIN the friendship of a cat," says Théophile Gautier, "is a difficult thing. The cat is a philosophical, methodical,

quiet animal, tenacious of its own habits, fond of order and cleanliness, and it does not lightly confer its friendship. If you are worthy of its affection, a cat will be your friend but never your slave. He keeps his free will though he loves, and he will not do for you what he thinks unreasonable; but if he once gives himself to you, it is with such absolute confidence, such fidelity of affection. He makes himself the companion of your hours of solitude, melancholy and toil. He remains for whole evenings on your knee, uttering his contented purr, happy to be with you. Put him down and he will jump up again with a sort of cooing sound that is like a gentle reproach; and sometimes he will sit upon the carpet in front of you, looking at you with eyes so melting, so caressing and so human, that they almost frighten you, for it is impossible to believe that a soul is not there."



IN DEFENCE OF THE CAT

A RECENT writer has remarked, "The attitude people have toward their dumb pets is generally a pretty good indication of their attitude toward their fellow beings. A humane attitude toward animals and human kindness in the treatment of fellow men are twin gauges of the stage of civilization a society has reached."

Cats are very intelligent, and devoted to those who are kind to them. Many a time when I have fed and befriended cats that had been habitually starved and kicked around by the animal haters, their gratitude has been pathetic. They would sit and worship at my feet, watching me with devotion in their eyes and purring softly their gratitude. Surely we humans do not worship our God in the same whole-hearted manner that these

What Has Been Said About Cats

“dumb” waifs worship us when we have done them a kindness. Then isn’t it worth while to treat them with a greater consideration than is generally accorded them?

And about the surplus kittens. It is far better to drown them before their eyes are opened, than to give them into doubtful homes.

Mary Lee

THE INDIVIDUALITY OF CATS

CATS, LIKE every other living thing, possess inherited traits that make for the preservation of the species and cultivated traits that have to do with love, gratitude and a regard for the feelings of others. These characteristics vary with the individual, as they do with us, depending in great measure upon congenital mental capacity and the effects of experience and environment.

I very much dislike the arbitrary human method of judging the worth or value of other forms of life by their adaptability to our real or fancied needs. I am filled with disgust for the person whose conception of the worth of other life is the measure of its service to him and his. In over forty-nine years of living I have been unable to find anything whatsoever that would justify the belief that I have a divine right to destroy or subjugate other forms of life. Such of it as I am guilty of, is done with the full understanding that I am following what Jack London called “The law of the club and fang.” The fact that my brain is larger and more active than that of some other animals no more justifies me in feeling superior to all other life than would the length of a jackass’ ears justify it in a like feeling. And therein, I think, lies my ability to make friends with every living thing with which I have come in contact,

Alexander and Some Other Cats

and my ability to derive as much pleasure from the music of the wind, the contemplation of the stars, or the companionship of cats, dogs, and other "creatures," as many men get from a monumental pile of silver and gold.

W. A. Bridwell

THE AESTHETIC CAT

WE do not wish to underrate the fine qualities of affection, courage and sagacity which are the dog's, but neither do we like to see widespread lack of appreciation for the cat's many admirable traits. Patience, endurance, good judgment, self-control, self-reliance, high spirits and industry — many or all of these are possessed by the average cat.

Under favorable conditions she will also develop a strength of affection, not devoid of demonstration, that is equal to the dog's.

The most aesthetic souls of all times have cherished the cat, Baudelaire, Von Scheffel, Poe, De Musset, Henry Irving and a host of other lovers of the beautiful come to mind in this connection. The silky feline of padded footfall and mysterious wanderings has ever appealed to the imagination, just as she has ever appealed to the sense of domestic comfort.

And why is it that the world's great souls have always been animal lovers? Whittier's most inspiring poems were writ with Puss purring on his knee. Longfellow loved his cats, and had great compassion for all sentient life. Lincoln showed as much mercy to dumb creatures as he did to humans whenever an opportunity came his way.

Is there any one who can say that these advanced souls loved

What Has Been Said About Cats

children and humanity any less just because they wanted to treat the animals right?

Mary Lee

THE KINDNESS OF UNDERSTANDING

A GREAT many people claim affection for the cat. A very few understand it, says Margaret F. Bussing in *The Cat Review*. To one who really loves an animal an article on humane treatment is unnecessary, for real love for anything includes understanding. How can an intelligent woman allow a child to dress a cat in doll's clothes, to force it to walk on its hind legs, or to hug it to suffocation? A little child will do such things with no thought of the torture inflicted on the sensitive animal, and the cat is probably the most sensitive creature on earth. It is the business of grown people to correct children for thoughtless actions in a gentle, kindly way.

Surely any reader of *The Cat Review* knows how more than useless it is to punish a cat. If you are not kind enough to shudder at the thought of inflicting pain on a creature wholly at your mercy, then, for your own sake, please remember that the cat probably knows nothing about what the punishment is for, and that if you strike it, or deliberately hurt it in any way, you are simply ruining it as a pet or for show purposes.

I have recently heard of people, otherwise kind, who forgot to have fresh, clean, cool water where the cat can always find it. I wonder how those humans would feel if their supply of drinking water depended on some one and that one forgot to furnish it?

When you are training a kitten or correcting a cat, speak in a low, firm tone. Please do not shriek at it. Stroke pussy's head gently and do not hold her against her wishes. How

Alexander and Some Other Cats

would you like to be lifted high in the air and held there by a giant against whom your struggles were in vain? Would not you, perhaps, scratch just a little?

The cat will repay your kindness with affection and sweetness.

From "Our Dumb Animals"



CATS RESPOND QUICKLY TO KIND TREATMENT

"BECAUSE THEY were loved and petted and talked to, they became intelligent; and they had the confidence that kind treatment gives, running to greet the home-comer and climbing upon knees and shoulders with little welcoming cries.

The well-treated cat is as demonstrative in affection as a dog, and has more self-respect, for it will not give fondness to one who abuses it."

Anon



PECULIARITIES OF ANIMALS AS MODELS

EACH LITTLE or big model is a new personality. As in the human race, each individual has its queer little expression, and many have their eccentricities.

No two cats are alike, even in looks; and in disposition there is all the difference that there is in human beings. Even their whiskers are different. Yet there are family resemblances among cats as there are in human families, and to an extent there are similarities of disposition among cat families. If one is still skeptical, and feels that a cat's a cat "for a' that," let him visit a royal Persian family and note, for instance, the strong resemblance in a splendid fellow to his grandfather — just such a fine head and just such well-set ears, but with a trifle less orange in the eye color.

What Has Been Said About Cats

The keen and highly responsive intelligence of my model friends is a constant revelation and inspiration to me.

Harriet Vreeland Furness

IN PRAISE OF THE CAT

WHATEVER MAY be thought of the social status of other animals, there is no doubt that in recent years there has been an enormous advance in the prestige of the cat. In the twentieth century the cat has begun to receive an increasing tribute of intellectual respect; he is the hero of books and stories; Sunday-supplement photogravures display his beauty. There is every evidence that at last the cat is coming into his own.

I view the social rise of the cat with elation, for I have always been an ardent idolater. Idolater is really the accurate word and perhaps only those will understand my devotion, in whom, as in me, the love of cats is inborn.

Many people, I am glad to say, love cats; but has any one had exactly these intimations of felinity in early childhood?

The cat is the most beautiful and graceful of all domestic animals. His anatomy is precisely adapted to his needs; and although he takes only a hundredth part as much exercise as a dog, he is always in perfect condition. . .

When a cat aims at the top of a fence or the surface of a table, he usually succeeds at the first attempt, unlike the dog, who tries five or six times and continues to try after the impossibility of attainment has been clearly demonstrated. The cat's economy of effort is as remarkable as his judgment of distance; you can not persuade him to try for any mark manifestly beyond his reach.

The amazing activity of the cat is delicately balanced by his

capacity for relaxation. I believe that every household should contain a cat, not only for decorative and domestic values, but because the cat in quiescence is both a rebuke and an inspiration to irritable, tense, restless, and tortured men and women. In spite of the fact that there are a hundred books published every year in which human beings are told to "relax"—tremendous and continued energy seems to be required in order to keep quiet,—very few men, women, or children have mastered even the elementary principles of repose. . . .

Now when the cat decides to take his repose, he not only lies down; he pours his body out on the floor like water. It is restful merely to behold him.

I have always thought it unfortunate that dogs take no interest in washing themselves. It would be a help to them in passing the time. It is a constant resource to a cat. If there is nothing else going on, or if the cat is wakeful, he can always wash himself. To a cat self-washing is a means of cleanliness, an athletic exercise, a pastime, and a fine art. Sometimes it is almost a passion. I have seen a cat go into a frenzy of ablution. And how strange it is that with such a tongue, corrugated like an American niblick, heat should be so unendurable. A cat always waits for hot food to cool.

Cats have a sense of humour, as is shown in their extreme love of play. A middle-aged cat will often play as unreservedly as a kitten, though he knows perfectly well it is only a game. But even a kitten has a keen sense of humour.

It is often said that the dog is more intelligent than the cat because you can teach the former more tricks. The fact is really evidence for the cat. When you command a dog to "sit up," the poor idiot thinks he has to do it. The average cat throws off, pretends to be stupid and not to understand what you want.



ALEXANDER AT HOME



ALEXANDER ASKING FOR "MORE"

What Has Been Said About Cats

He really understands you too well, but he sees "nothing in it" for him. Why sit up? . . .

But it is not the beauty and grace and agility and repose of the cat's body that are most admirable; what is most admirable is his intellectual and spiritual nature. It is often said by those who have no affection for cats that cats have no affection for people; but we who know cats know that this is a base slander.

William Lyon Phelps in "As I Like It"

A NEWSPAPER MAN'S THOUGHTS ON THE CAT

WE REMEMBER days long ago when we were sick in bed, as children sometimes are; and we think about toast softened with water, or milk, and spread with lots of butter; and we think of the rain pattering on the piazza roof just outside the window; and we think about the funny patterns in the wallpaper; and about some one with kind eyes and a soft hand who came at night and smoothed out our hair and smiled, and made us feel that being sick was not so bad. And we think, too, of a black cat that lay, hour after hour, on the white counterpane, and purred, and looked at us with its round yellow eyes; and was company. . .

We think of a newspaper man in those days who used to come home after midnight, every night; and we can hear the furnace door being opened, and then the coal shoveled on the fire; and we hear him scooping up the range coal directly into the hod (he always said it was easier to do it that way than to use the coal shovel), and we can hear the water running through the pipes as he drew a glass of water to drink in the kitchen; and we imagine the little kerosene lamp he was carrying about; and the night lunch he ate all alone at the table in the

Alexander and Some Other Cats

dim dining room; and we knew that the black cat was with him, purring expectantly, and not in vain, for a share in the lunch, and for a good word, and stroking of its fur.

We think of rainy Sundays, when the house was still, and the trees were dripping water on the lawn; and of the distant church bells; and books about; and a piano on which we tried to pick out tunes a note at a time; and of the fragrance of matting in wet weather; and of paintings all about on the walls; and puzzles to do; and in the picture is a cat that follows us about the silent house and rubs up against our thin little legs and keeps us from being lonesome.

Edward E. Whiting in "The Boston Herald"

X

THE CALUMNIATED CAT

SOMEWHERE LATELY I read that "Society seems likely to start the cult of the cat." I should like to remark that in its true sense this is not to be done by cat-shows, nor by pride in the "race," or in the beauty of certain personal pets. The true "cult" lies in consideration whether we make the most or the best of a graceful, pretty, useful creature who lives in nearly every house, and who in large cities, is the only animal — or at least the first one — through whom children come into relation with the animal world. . . .

Most people think that the cat has no power of attachment, and that they show her ample kindness if they provide her with plenty of good food, a clean bed, and at best, an occasional obscure corner on the hearth-rug. "A cat cares for the house, not for the people," it is said, and the adage is supposed to be proved by stories of cats, who, carried away with the goods, when the family removed, have returned to their former

What Has Been Said About Cats

homes, sometimes traveling for miles, and have settled down contentedly with the strange tenants, if they proved to be not unkindly.

Need this prove lack of power of attachment? It must first be proved that the removing family had ever given their cat opportunity or reason to be attached to them. It may well be that, according to her judgment, it was the house itself to which she had best reason to be attached. . . .

My own belief, born of much experience, is that cats who have been made the friends of their owners, if wisely removed, never give the least sign of dislike to their new abode, or show any disposition to leave it.

I have known a cat brought on a long sea-voyage. . . . He was taken to a house utterly different from that he had known before; but his own mistress opened the door of his cage and offered him a bowl of milk, just as she had done at home. He went carefully over the house, from basement to attic, commented by one or two mews, and settled down without any more trouble. Perhaps it may be said that in this instance he had gone so far from home that return was impossible. But, in the course of the next few years, he made two more removes in the same town, to houses within easy distance of each other. Each time he made the same careful survey of the new premises and then settled, content. He was by no means a demonstrative animal, did not seek to be petted, and accepted caresses with a rather bored dignity. But did he see anybody weeping or in manifest trouble, even if but a casual visitor, straightway he gave them his kindest attention.

Not many months ago, four cats, all old family friends, removed with their mistress. This happened to be the removal typical of most of the stories told of the cats who "return."

That is to say, the new house was about three miles from the old one, and the way between was tolerably indirect. The cats travelled in the evening, in baskets, put in the same conveyance. When they alighted they showed little dismay. They greeted each other, took notice of a few pieces of furniture with which they had been familiar in the old house, had supper, and went to rest. Next morning they were made free of the garden. Escape from it was easy on every side. Not one of them attempted it. Yet they soon explored the surrounding region, one of them often accompanying members of the family for evening walks, not invariably in quiet lanes, but even down a highway where there are many passers-by.

Instances prove that the nervous organization of the cat must be considered. Possible accidents and alarms must be guarded against. A lady I knew carried her cat on her knee in a cab driving from one house to another. No *contretemps* occurred, and the cat settled down safely. But such security cannot be reckoned on. Other friends of mine, when removing, took with them a pet cat on whose tameness and docility they felt quite able to rely. So one of the daughters carried him in her arms. Part of their way lay on a road above a railway line, and at the critical moment, an express dashed by, with terrific engine shriek. The poor cat struggled madly out of the lady's grasp, dashed through a hedge, — and was never seen again.

Cats certainly attach themselves to individuals, and I know of one striking instance in which the persistent and courteous attentions of a cat overcame a dislike which had been expressed for its kind, and so turned an enemy of its race into a friend. Dislike or contempt for cats is often but the result of a sheer ignorance, running on the lines of vulgar prejudice.

A cat, when removed, should be put into a basket, and travel

What Has Been Said About Cats

in company with one whose friendly voice will reassure her by the way. The basket should be opened among friends in a quiet room. A meal should be speedily given her; thus, she will realize stability,—that she is really “at home.”

In families, where everybody is kind to the cat or cats, each will yet attach itself more distinctly to some chosen individual. I remember that my father always won their love. A beautiful tabby, “Grissie,” regularly accompanied the servant, who gave his door the morning knock, waited on the mat till he came out, and followed him as he went about his early avocations. After his death she was scarcely ever seen upstairs. I have repeatedly noticed that cats when in a new domicile,—speedily — with barely a day’s delay — discover the sleeping-room of their special favourites, and are to be found waiting by their doors. I knew one cat who attached himself to a youth whose daily duty lay in an upstairs study. He went there with him, and if, after breakfast, the boy was inclined to loiter in the dining-room, the cat went outside mewing, ascended a few stairs, and then came mewing back,—a very vigilant mentor.

Cats also show attachments among each other — a trait that can only be discovered where several are kept.

Isabella Fyvie Mayo in “The Humane Review”

FAMOUS PERSONS WHO HAVE LOVED CATS

THE CAT was a symbol of the sun to the Egyptians. Its eyes were supposed to vary in appearance with the course of that luminary, and likewise to undergo a change each lunar month, on which account the animal was also sacred to the moon. . . .

Pope Gregory the Great, who lived towards the end of the sixth century, is said to have had a pet cat, and cats were often

inmates of nunneries in the Middle Ages. The great value set upon the cat at this period is shown by the laws which in Wales, Switzerland, and Saxony, and other European countries imposed a heavy fine on cat-killers.

History tells of many noted men and women who were lovers of cats, both in the past and present time.

Among those who loved cats should be mentioned the Moslem warrior (El Daher-Beybars) who left a garden "The Cat's Orchard," for the support of homeless cats.

Mohammed had a favorite white cat, Mezza, who slept on the Prophet's sleeve. Dr. Johnson had a cat named Hodge, for whom he personally went to buy oysters.

Moncrif wrote a book about cats, "Histoire des Chats."

Chateaubriand's pet cat was named Micetto. In his book he mentions other cats he loved and lost. Pierre Loti wrote about his pet cats; Matthew Arnold's cat was named "Atossa." The cat, Hinse of Hinsefield, was loved by Sir Walter Scott. Richelieu played with kittens. Victor Hugo loved them. Mazarin understood and appreciated his cats.

In our own time, among the many lovers of cats we can name are Agnes Repplier, Helen M. Winslow, Frances Willard, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mary L. Booth, Sarah Orne Jewett, Gail Hamilton, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Louise Chandler Moulton, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Fidelia Bridges, Thomas W. Higginson, Charles Dudley Warner and Edmund Clarence Stedman and many others.



FROM AN ARTICLE ON "CATS"

THE CAT is à la mode. Fashionable Paris has gone to gaze on the cat, and everybody is loud in praises of the beautiful crea-

What Has Been Said About Cats

ture that was the *bête noire* of Buffon. We admire the aristocratic cat, but this year we also admire the plebeian cat. Feline democracy has come into its own. If the cat of the rich and the noble, lying on satin cushions, is admitted to this show, so is the cat of the poor, and the vulgar, — the cat of the gutter. Here are the disdainful princesses of the cattish race, and here, too, are the cheerful Bohemians of Paris, with their familiar manners, their liveliness, their drollery, their sauciness.

I love all the cats, the wild and the gentle, the common and the exotic, those which are clad in rich robes and those that are clad in homely broadcloth. I do not really ask why, despite the demerits which Buffon enumerates with such gusto, mankind has adopted this charming beast. It has captured my heart as it has captured the hearts of millions of my fellows. I have had savage cats which boasted of their high standing, and cats which sprung from the street; and they have all been delightful, unexpected, fantastic, capricious and beautiful.

And I think of the cats which other men have admired. Richelieu, at the height of his power, with the weight of Europe upon him, sitting at his desk amid a pile of documents, disposing of the destinies of nations, would have preferred to cut off a portion of his scarlet gown rather than disturb the slumber of Racan or Moussard-le Fougueux or Soumisse or Ludovic-le-Cruel. The successor of Richelieu today is M. Poincaré, who is generally pictured as stern, rigid, grave. But M. Poincaré twenty years ago in his cabinet had a Siamese cat, which has perpetuated its species and M. Poincaré is as fond as ever of his feline friends. He is not blind to their faults, but has expressed his pleasure in their society.

“The cat,” he says, “is witty, he has nerve, he knows how to do precisely the right thing at precisely the right moment.

Alexander and Some Other Cats

He is impulsive and facetious and appreciates the value of a well-turned pleasantry. He extricates himself from the most difficult situations by a little pirouette. To how many timid and hesitating persons could he give useful lessons. I have never seen him embarrassed. With an astonishing promptitude he chooses instantly between two solutions of a problem, not merely that which is the better from his point of view and in conformity with his interests, but also that which is elegant and gracious."

What a wonderful diplomatist the cat would have made! One detects a certain envy in this eulogy of the cat by M. Poincaré. Indeed, somewhere in the volumes of M. Poincaré's Memoirs, I remember how kindly he speaks of M. Briand in comparing him to the cat. . .

I recall that when M. Clemenceau went to an important conference at London he bought a cat and named it Prudence. I do not know what has become of it. But George Montorgueil has made the happy suggestion, that well-known men and women who are lovers and owners of cats should bring their cats together without regard to pedigree or competitive points. This, in fact, was done a year or two ago in Paris by the artists and writers. I would like to see the idea carried out on a greater scale, with presidential cats, and ministerial cats, and senatorial cats, economists' cats, and literary cats,—displayed for the observer's delectation.

Artists and writers are particularly fond of cats. I never tire of looking at the cats which Steinlen drew so lovingly with such a deft pen. I like to think of Hamilcar, the guardian of the City of Books, which Anatole France described in *Sylvestre Bonnard*. There was, also Belkis, which Pierre Loti named with great pomp and ceremony. Victor Hugo was the proud posses-



SUPPERTIME FOR ALEXANDER



ALEXANDER WAITING



KUNI IN THE GARDEN



ALEXANDER INTERESTED

What Has Been Said About Cats

sor of Chamoine, and Michelet, the historian; Sainte-Beuve, the critic; Mérimée, the novelist; Gautier, the poet; Maupassant, the story-teller, all had their cats. Barbey d'Aurevilly with Demonette, Coppée with Isabelle, Baudelaire with his feline family, have all loved the cat.

And now in Paris they are celebrating the centenary of Hippolyte Taine, philosopher and historian, and it is good to remember that Taine, who was not often moved to poetry, wrote twelve sonnets to his three cats — Puss, and Ebene, and Mitonne. "I have studied," he confessed, "many philosophers and several cats; the wisdom of the cats is vastly superior." That wisdom he discovered in their tranquillity and in their meditativeness. Without effort, the cat, gazing into the fire, or smoothing its fur, puts into practice the precepts of the sages.

Sisley Huddleston in "Christian Science Monitor"

THE INTELLIGENCE OF CATS

MIVART ON THE CAT

ST. GEORGE MIVART, Ph.D. F.R.S. has written altogether the most comprehensive and exhaustive scientific study of the cat ever published. His book "The Cat" is an excellent work for the earnest beginner in the study of biological science. He says that no more complete example of a perfectly organized living being can be found than that supplied by the highest mammalian family "Felidae."

The following is quoted from his book "The Cat."

The Domestic Cat is an animal so common and familiar that its utility is sometimes apt to be lost sight of. To realise its usefulness we must imagine ourselves in a land where no such animal is known, but where the annoying creatures upon which it preys shall have multiplied with that rapidity natural to them. Its effect in putting to flight the creatures it pursues, is again far in excess of its destructive energy. Were every cat in England simultaneously destroyed, the loss through the entailed increase of vermin would be enormous. . . .

The cat also is favored by that half of the human race which is the more concerned with domestic cares; for it is a home-loving animal and one exceptionally clean and orderly in its habits, and thus naturally commends itself to the good will of the thrifty housewife.

Moreover, though it is generally much less demonstrative in its affection than is the dog, yet cats differ as men do, and some individuals manifest strong feelings of regard for one or other members of the family wherein they make their homes. . . .

Indeed the cat seems to be a much more intelligent animal than is often supposed. That it has very distinct feelings of pleasure or pain, and keen special senses, will probably be disputed by no one. Its sense of touch is very delicate. Its eyes are highly organized, and can serve it in the dark, and its hearing is extremely acute. . . .

The ease and grace of motion in the cat, and its neat dexterity, are a common subject of praise. Who has not observed how cleverly a cat will avoid objects in its path — walking, perhaps over a table set with glasses and ornaments in not very stable equilibrium, without over-setting any one of them. Every one knows also the great facility with which the cat so turns in falling as almost always to alight safely upon its feet. The animal's ordinary locomotion is a walk or a spring. It rarely runs, save when it is pursued or alarmed, and then it progresses by a series of bounds. When driven to it, it can swim, though it takes to the water, or even endures a mere wetting, with the greatest reluctance. Yet a cat has been seen voluntarily to enter a small stream several times in order to rescue its kittens which had fallen into it. . . .

As to memory, everyone knows how cats attach themselves to their homes, and how generally they recognize at least one or two of the habitual inmates of their dwelling places. . . .

Many cats will readily learn the signification of certain words and will answer to their names and come when called. Very strange is the power which cats may show of finding their way home by routes which they have never before traversed. . . .

In addition to all these cognitions of objects, and of the relations between them, cats possess strong passions and, often at least, affectionate feelings of personal attachment. . . .

Cats will sometimes (as before mentioned) show great re-

The Intelligence of Cats

gard to individuals, and will manifest it by expressive gestures and slight, affectionate bites. These animals, then, have emotions, and they are able to express their feelings by external signs. Some observers have professed to detect more than half a hundred different expressions in a cat's face, but however much exaggeration there may be in such a statement, it is impossible to mistake the gestures of rage and fear at the sight of a strange and threatening dog — gestures well understood by the dog, and sufficient in most cases to keep him at a safe distance.

THE LANGUAGE OF CATS

THE CAT has a language far in excess of any other domestic animal, in variation of tone. This is particularly noticeable when she has kittens. The cooing baby talk when they are very young is quite affecting and as they grow older and can play about, the mother cat has certain tones and inflections of voice which enable her to call them to her when they stray, or herd them together for a little stroll. No kitten ever misunderstands its mother's meaning when she calls.

“The cat,” according to the Naturalist Dupont de Nemours, “has the advantage of a language which has the same vowels as pronounced by the dog and with six consonants in addition m, n, g, h, v and f. Consequently the cat has a greater number of words.”

According to Abbé Galiani “there are more than twenty different inflections in the language of cats, and there is really a ‘tongue,’ for they always employ the same sound to express the same thing.” Abbé Galiani also says: “For centuries cats have been reared, but I do not find they have ever been really studied. . . .”

Champfleury professes to have counted sixty-three varieties of mewings, the rotation of which, however, he observes, is difficult. The sign and gesture language of the cat is even more copious and expressive than its audible language. As Mr. Owen has it:

*“What tones unheard, and forms of silent speech,
Are given, that such as thee
The eloquence of dumbness man might teach.”*

 CATS HAVE A SIGN LANGUAGE

ROMANES gives several instances to prove that cats have a sign language. A cat, observing that a terrier received food in answer to a certain gesture, imitated his begging. Another would make a peculiar noise when it wanted a door opened, and, if its wish was not attended to, would pull at someone's dress with its claws; then, having secured the person's notice, would walk to the door and stand there with a vocal request that it be opened.

Other cats are mentioned that would jump on chairs and look at bells, put their paws upon them, or even ring them, when they wanted anything done for which the ringing of a bell was a signal.

Lindsay has shown that, in common with other tamed and domestic animals, they understand one or more of the modes in which man expresses his ideas, wishes, or commands, as well as those ideas, wishes, and commands themselves, however expressed, particularly the calls to receive food, and their own names. They also, in common with a smaller number of animals, appear to know the names of the different members of the family, and of articles of domestic use. An instance is cited from Clark Rossiter of a cat that knew the name of each mem-



A WELL-FILLED BASKET



KITTENS PLAYING



“KEEP YOUR DISTANCE!”
(From photograph by Vinette Chalfant)



“How MUCH Do I WEIGH?”

The Intelligence of Cats

ber of the household, and his seat at the table. If asked about an absent one, she would look at the vacant seat, then at the speaker, and if told to fetch him would run upstairs to his room, take the handle of the door between her paws, mew at the keyhole, and wait to be let in.

Cats appear taciturn in ordinary life, but every one knows that they can, upon occasion, and that often, speak forcibly enough. They also have a language for their friends, varied and expressive enough to convey their wants definitely, and make intercourse with them pleasant and lively. Those who know them best may readily say with John Owen, in the London "Academy":

*"Thou art not dumb, my Muff;
In those sweet pleading eyes and earnest look,
Language there is enough
To fill with living type a goodly book."*

Montaigne observed, some three hundred years ago, that our beasts have some intelligence well nigh in the same measure as we:—"They flatter us, menace us, and need us; and we, them. It is abundantly evident to us, that there is among them a full and entire communication, and that they understand each other."

Dupont de Nemours, who undertook to penetrate the mysteries of animal language, recognized that animals had few wants, but that these were strong, and that their passions were few but imperious; for which they had very marked but limited expressions. He thought the cat was more intelligent than the dog, because, being able to climb trees she had sources of ideas and experiences denied to him; and, having all the vowels of a dog, with six consonants in addition, she had more words.

THE UNDERSTANDING OF THE CAT

AN ARTICLE in the "Popular Science Monthly," on "The Intelligence of Cats," by W. J. Larrabee, gives many interesting anecdotes illustrating this intelligence. In the article, reference is made to Dr. Turton's remark about the "voluminous and expressive" vocabulary of the cat; and we are told that the expressions of the countenance are as lively and varied in the cat as in any other animal; that a well-bred cat can use this sign language and express nearly all her wants, and a sympathetic master can learn to understand them. We quote from the article:—

"The extent of a cat's understanding of human language must depend considerably on the treatment and training it receives. An animal that is treated unkindly or is neglected cannot be expected to learn much beyond the knowledge which its natural instinct confers upon it. Another animal, not necessarily brighter but having better opportunities and more encouragement, may readily acquire knowledge of all the things that it is important one of its kind should know. Cats having appreciative masters and playmates will gain a really remarkable degree of knowledge of the tones, gestures, words, thoughts, and intentions of their human friends. Many of the well authenticated stories on this point reveal faculties of perception that must seem astonishing even to persons well informed respecting the mental powers of animals. Careful observation of his own puss can hardly fail to convince anyone that they understand more of ordinary conversation, as well as of what is said to them directly, than we are apt, at first thought, to suspect. . . ."

WHAT A CAT KNOWS

“KNOWLEDGE of the ways in which certain common things are done, and the capacity to apply it, are so frequently shown by domestic cats that it is almost superfluous to mention particular instances of its exhibition. Most cats know how doors are opened, and can open them for themselves, if the method of handling the latch comes within the compass of their powers of manipulation. Romanes asserts, that, in the understanding of mechanical appliances of this character, they reach a higher level of intelligence than any other animal, except monkeys, and perhaps elephants.”

“It is seldom that a cat is deceived by its reflections in a mirror. Sometimes he will try to look behind it or feel back of it with his paw, but generally after the first surprise he seems to know it is his own image.

The following account of the sagacity of a cat is credited to “Every Other Saturday” :—

THE MONASTERY CAT

A CAT in a monastery knew that there was never dinner to be had until the bell had been twice rung. She always answered the bell promptly, but one day when, at noon, the welcome chime was heard, found herself accidentally shut up in a cell. Left, perforce dinnerless until the tenant of the cell came back from the refectory, she went as soon as she *did* escape to look for her allowance. There was nothing left for her. In the course of the afternoon the monks were startled by a pertinacious sounding of their dinner-bell. Pussy swung on the bell-rope, ringing for her dinner.

ABOUT CATS

WE ALL know that cats form friendships with human beings, sometimes singling out one member of the family for especial affection. They also form friendships with other animals, and some interesting instances are given in this article.

A cat in a Norman chateau had every day more food than she could consume, and the waste of the surplus "seemed to weigh on her mind." So one day she brought a less well-fed cat from a roadside cottage, and, having satisfied herself, gave it what was left. Her master, observing this, gave her larger platefuls, when she brought in another cat from a greater distance.

The master then determined to test how far the cat's hospitality would extend, and kept adding to the platefuls from time to time, as new cats were brought in, till Puss's dinner party included nearly twenty guests. "Yet, however ravenous were these daily visitors, none of them touched a mouthful till their hostess had finished her own dinner."

An Angora cat belonging to M. Jumelin would often bring a poor, half-starved cat home with him, and then would see that it was fed. On the last occasion of his doing this, "Master Cat seemed nervous and excited, and behaved as if he thought the case was urgent. He became more quiet, however, as soon as the dish was set down for the other cat, and contentedly sat and watched what was going on, while the visitor was taking his meal. As soon as the dish was emptied, he showed his guest to the door, bade him good-bye with a friendly but lively stroke of his paw, and accompanied him down the stairs, addressing him with a succession of friendly mews."

From "Popular Science Monthly"

The Intelligence of Cats

PUSS AS A FIRE ALARM

A TRULY remarkable story of sagacity is told of an old Cambridge (Mass.) cat: Although where, in all America, would we expect to find cultured cats if not in that historic town? This cat rejoices in the seemingly appropriate name of John Harvard. When John was a kitten, famed for his beauty and good temper, the family adored him not only for his mental and moral qualities but for his proud, historic name; but when one day John Harvard presented her owners with a litter of kittens, it was seriously thought that John must be disposed of. Steps were being taken to that effect, when one day John left her litter of kittens, came up from the cellar in hot haste, and rushed into the kitchen. She began to mew piteously and attracted the attention of the cook and the family by running to the cellar door, but when it was opened for her she refused to descend. Finally she induced one member of the family to go down with her. When they got down stairs a wooden barrel close beside the box where her kittens were lying was discovered to be in a blaze: a few minutes more and the house would have been on fire. John Harvard, despite the weakness of her sex, had vindicated the honor of her name, and since then she has lived on the fat of the land.

Miss Helen Winslow in "Concerning Cats"

CAT GIVES RESCUE SIGNAL

MISS A. S., IN Boston for the time being, has brought in a contribution which recounts the efforts of a cat to bring about the rescue of an adopted kitten. One day the cat ran upstairs very much excited, and stood in front of her mistress uttering an unusual cry. Then she moved toward the door and looked

Alexander and Some Other Cats

back. The call was plain enough, and as the mistress began to follow, the cat led straight to the basement, where the kitten was found hanging by the neck in a torn towel. The cat's loud purring while the kitten was released spoke volumes of gratitude.

CATS GIVE WARNING OF FIRES

HOUSEHOLD CATS have so often given warning of fires that their service in this regard merit both recognition and gratitude. They are restless at night and easily affrighted. The first puff of smoke, the first crackling of flames sends them mewing to master or mistress for explanation of these phenomena.

Animals so delicately organized are necessarily sensitive to atmospheric conditions. An approaching storm starts them restlessly wandering from room to room. They have been known to exhibit signs of acute disquietude before cyclones and earthquakes. In 1783 two wise cats of Messina behaved so strangely that their master, infected by their fear, fled from his home in time to escape the first great shock, and the tumbling of his walls in ruin.

Agnes Repplier

CATS GIVE FIRE ALARM

A NUMBER of instances have been given in the newspapers of cats saving the lives of the occupants of houses on fire by giving alarm. Some by crying or jumping on the beds of the sleepers, licking their faces, etc. The following story is told in the "*London Herald*":

"Runnymede," a black cat, roused the occupants and prevented what might have been a serious outbreak of fire in the Hatton-garden district yesterday.

The Intelligence of Cats

The cat's cries awakened its mistress, Mrs. Wright, of Charles street, and aroused a neighbor, who was able to summon the fire brigade in time to stop the fire from spreading.

Mrs. Wright, who is 70 years of age, said: "I think all the credit for my getting off so lightly should be given to my black cat 'Runnymede.'

"I was sleeping soundly, and I should have slept on if it had not been for him. I heard him crying most unusually, and at last he jumped on my face.

"I got up a little angrily, and then I saw there was a glare in the window of the top floor. Then I heard a crackling and smelt smoke. The fire was in the third floor back room, which is occupied as a workshop. I dressed and rushed downstairs."

A TRAVELING CAT

MISS L. OWNED a cat who had traveled with her all over the continent. On arriving at a town in Switzerland, she took the basket in which he traveled to her room, opened it and puss jumped out, looked about him, investigated the locality and then walked out leisurely and spent his day in the adjacent fields and woods. At night he returned to Miss L's for his supper and bed. This, she said, was his invariable practice wherever she stopped.

A MUSICAL CAT

TOM, A big black cat was noted for his affectionate disposition and his love of music. He knew good music from bad and would sit beside a piano purring with great content as long as a capable performer was playing. If the execution was very good he would show his delight by arching his tail, walking across the

keys and sitting in the performer's lap. On the other hand, bad playing always drove him away.

His mother was very fond of her kittens and used to tend them very closely during the first weeks; too closely, her son thought, for he has been seen more than once to go up to her as she nestled over her babies and apparently whisper something; whereupon she would leave the kittens and go into the garden for a little fresh air, while Tom would take her place and lie over the kittens to keep them warm until she came back, when he would resign his charge to her.

Anon

BRUIN AND THE GAS STOVE

A VERY intelligent cat named "Bruin" greatly appreciated a gas stove that was kept burning all night at half strength for his benefit, during the whole winter, and beside which he slept. One night the man of the house, who always attended to the lighting of the stove, was away, and another member of the family, in order to test the cat's sagacity, refrained from lighting the stove. When it came his hour for retiring, Bruin marched into the room, looked at the blank, cold stove and uttering an angry cry, ran out of the room to the coat-stand and sniffed at the garments hanging there. Detecting at once that his master's coat was gone he rushed up stairs, went to his master's room and cried to be let in. When the door was opened he went in, jumped on the bed, sniffed the pillow, jumped off the bed, cried again and ran down stairs. He sat for two or three minutes in front of the stove and then came into the dining room, put his paws on the knees of the member of the family he found there and gave a gasp, not a cry. She said, "You are not thirsty Bruin, what do you want? I am to get

The Intelligence of Cats

up and you will show me?" He went into the study, put his paws on the front of the stove and turned his head towards her with a look of content that his meaning had been interpreted.

"The Spectator"

A CAT WHO LOVED MUSIC

MR. W. HAD a very handsome tiger cat who was extremely fond of cello music but apparently indifferent to all other instruments. Whenever Mr. W. began to play on the cello, Katinka would make his appearance, climb to Mr. W.'s shoulder and comfortably dispose himself, head and fore paws over one shoulder and tail and hind paws over the other, and there he would lie in the greatest content as long as the cello was being played, often for two hours at a time.

Katinka also loved to ride on the street cars. He would take his place at a white post near his home, and if the car stopped he would jump on and ride a block or two, jump off and saunter home. If a member of the family went out for an evening stroll, Katinka went along as a matter of course, running ahead and investigating everything like a dog, but always keeping within sight.

THE CAT DISLIKED MUSIC

CLOSE OBSERVERS find that all animals have their idiosyncrasies. Our cat's aversion to whistling was brought to notice by his springing into the lap of a member of the family who was softly whistling a popular air, and after locating the obnoxious sound, reaching up and firmly placing his great seven-toed foot on the lips of the offender. There was no display of temper or unsheathing of claws; merely a velvety remonstrance which

Alexander and Some Other Cats

was promptly rewarded. The experiment has been tried at different times with the same result. The cat shows a dislike for all musical sounds.

Ada M. Peck

STORIES THAT SHOW CAT INTELLIGENCE

IN AN old house where lived a cat, there was a staircase with a borrowed light, admitted at a considerable height from the ground, through a balustrade, beneath which hung a bell. When the cat was on this staircase without egress, the door being shut, he would lean forward through the balustrade and touch the bell. Of course, this summons always resulted in his release by one of his admirers.

CAT OPENS THE SCREEN DOOR

THE STORY is told of a cat crying behind the screen door of a house, wanting to get out. A neighbor cat heard her, ran to the screen door and with her paw pulled it open and let out her friend to play with her.

THE WILL AND THE WAY

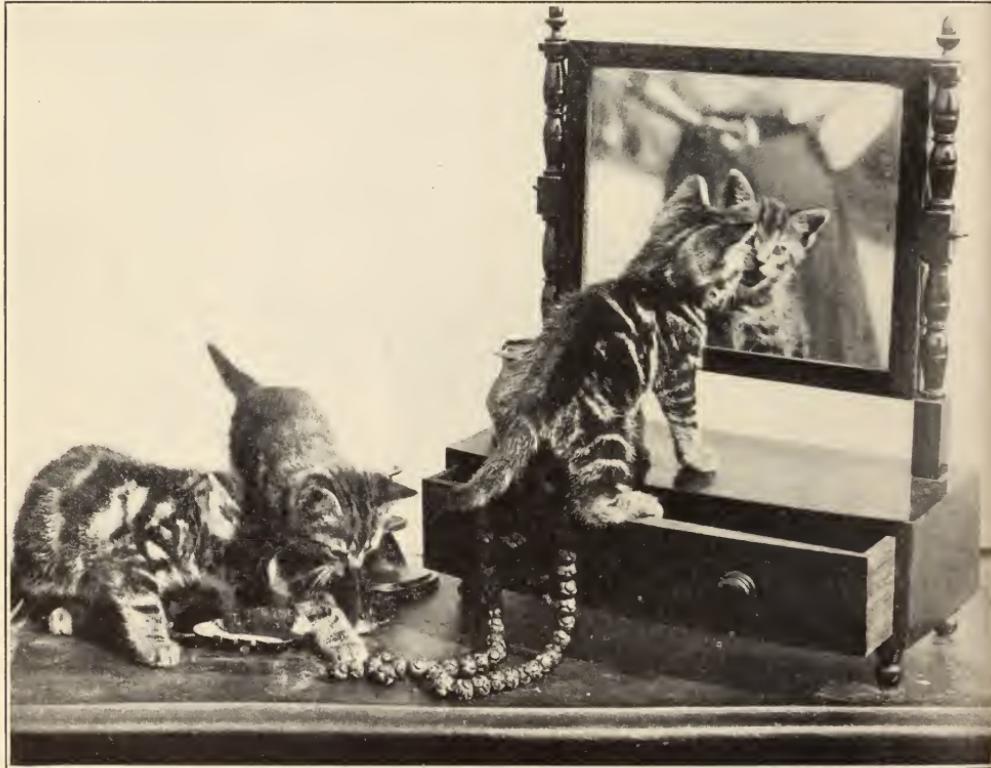
OUR NEIGHBOR's huge cat, Thomas, has transferred his affections to us recently. This morning, as he sat under the table, looking like a great black lion, some one put down the baby's cup of bread and milk for him to finish. He lapped away as long as his big cheeks would permit; but he could not reach the milk in the bottom. His big appetite was by no means satisfied: how to get at the rest was a question. Raising one paw, he dipped it down into the milk, then licked it off. This he



READY FOR A RIDE



A QUIET MOMENT (*Photographer Unknown*)



A GOOD TIME

The Intelligence of Cats

repeated; and when Georgie dropped in more crumbs he fished them out, and ate them also.

Thomas taught us quite a lesson about the will and the way. I know some children who are not half so persevering. If they meet with very little difficulties, even, they say, "Oh, I can't do it, it's no use to try." Now I think it would be of advantage for them to go to school to our neighbor's old cat.

From "Our Dumb Animals"

A CAT WHO TRAVELED SEVENTY MILES

MRS. FARQUHARSON HAD a cat which she highly prized, and which she sent by coach in a closed bag or basket to her new home at Yatesby Bridge, in Hampshire. Five days later, a letter was received from her, bewailing the loss of her favorite who had promptly disappeared as soon as released from constraint. On the following morning, Pussy made her appearance at Sanford Hall, looking very forlorn and out at elbows, but plainly delighted to be home again. She had not only traveled seventy miles over an unknown country filled with dangers; but had actually crossed or skirted London,—"threaded the Metropolis,"—in the course of her adventurous journey.

FROM "ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE"

THE FOLLOWING incident is related of a cat that had a very amiable relationship with a parrot.

One evening there was no one in the kitchen. Cook had gone up stairs and left a bowl full of dough to rise by the fire. Shortly after, the cat rushed up after her, mewing and making what signs she could for her to go down; then she jumped up

and seized her apron and tried to drag her down. As she was in such a state of excitement, cook went, and found Polly shrieking, flapping her wings and struggling violently 'up to her knees' in dough, and stuck fast. No doubt if she had not been rescued she would have been smothered.

At Parara, the residence of Parker Bowman, Esq., a full-grown cat was one day accidentally locked up in a room without any other outlet than a small window, that moved on hinges and was kept shut by means of a swivel. Not long afterwards the window was found open and the cat gone. This having happened several times, it was at last found that the cat jumped upon the window sill, placed her forepaws as high as she could reach against the side, deliberately reached with one paw over to the swivel, moved it from its horizontal to a perpendicular position, and then, leaning with her whole weight against the window, swung it open and escaped.

Romanes

How CADI GOT HER FIRE

"A most remarkable story is told in the "Revue Scientifique," by Dr. Cosmovici, of Roumania, concerning his cat Cadi. We may remark that this gentleman appears to have been a keen observer of intelligence in all animals. The winter of 1880 was very cold, fuel was high, and our doctor had to be economical. He was accustomed therefore, after his morning fire had burned out, to work during the rest of the day wrapped in furs, while Cadi sat at his feet. On one of the cold days, Cadi would every once in a while go to the door and mew, in a tone quite distinct from that of his usual requests. Dr. Cosmovici opened the door, and Cadi went halfway out, looking at him the while. He shut the door, and Cadi came back and mewed. At last he

The Intelligence of Cats

gave himself up to the cat's desire and followed her. She led him straight to the kitchen and thence to the coal-box, and got upon it, without ceasing to look at her master. He got coal. Cadi next showed him the way to the wood-box; thence led him back to his room, and once within it, to the fireplace, where she lifted herself up and arched her back. The fire was made, while Cadi looked on, manifesting her approval of the operation by caresses. When it began to burn, she stretched herself before it, satisfied.

CAT RINGS BELL

"OSCAR COFUS" A black cat owned by a local grocer, has been taught to ring a bell when it wants to be admitted to the dining room. The bell has been fitted up outside the dining room and Oscar claws a string when he wants to come in.

HOW PETER ESCAPED

WHEN PETER was a young cat he liked to follow us everywhere, like a little dog. This nearly caused his death on one occasion, after which he never followed us again very far in the daytime, although he would go any distance after dark. My sister and I started for a walk one Sunday afternoon in the direction of Verdugo mountain, the foot of which was only about ten minutes walk from our house in Glendale. Peter as usual trotted along too. It was an entirely new road for him; we had never happened to take him to the mountain before. There were many vacant lots and few trees along the way at that time. We were more than halfway to the foot of the mountain and just passing a bungalow, when suddenly two Boston bull terriers rushed out (we were told later by their master that

they had been trained to kill cats). Along the parkway in front of the house there were a number of good-sized camphor trees in one of which Peter could have found refuge; but his first thought evidently was of home, for he whirled about and darted back in that direction, the two dogs at his heels. My sister and I stood speechless with fear, hardly breathing as we watched the chase. It was all unfamiliar territory to Peter, no trees, no fences, no possible refuge. They crossed a street; the dust they raised was so thick that we could not see them, and I was about to turn away, fearing our pet was being torn to pieces. But to our astonishment the next instant we saw Peter coming straight back toward us. Like a flash of lightning, as it seemed to us, he was back and up one of the camphor trees. The dogs taken by surprise, could not turn so quickly, and this saved Peter's life. The dogs barked their anger at the foot of the tree, but they were too late. Their master shut them up in the house; we finally coaxed Peter down and got him home. We had no relish for any further strolling that day. I have read stories of wild animals eluding their pursuers by doubling on their tracks, but this was the first and only time I ever saw a domestic animal save himself in that way. Many times I have wished I could know what was going on in that little brain; how he reasoned; what means of safety he considered. He must have remembered that there were trees right where the dogs started to chase him, although the onslaught was so unexpected and so sudden that one would not have supposed he had had time to take in the surroundings. He evidently realized that he could not reach home; he saw nothing ahead that could help him, and then he remembered the trees. It had nothing to do with us; he took not the slightest notice of us.

Well, as you can imagine, we never allowed him to follow



THE UNINVITED GUESTS



CONFIDENCE (*Photographer Unknown*)

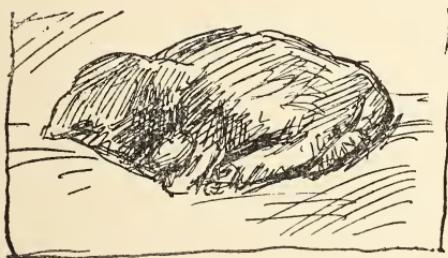


EXCITEMENT

The Intelligence of Cats

us again in the daytime, and I do not remember that he ever offered to. He would sit on the porch rail and watch us out of sight. If we went to call on a nearby neighbor he would go too, and sit outside the door howling for us to come out. All our cats would do that, and we had five at one time. It amused the neighbors exceedingly. The cats seemed to be afraid they had lost us if they saw us disappear inside another house.

J. C. L.



MOTHER LOVE OF CATS

MOTHER LOVE OF CATS

DR. W. GORDON STABLES, who has written a book about cats, in speaking of a cat's devotion to her kitten, says: "In no case is her wisdom and sagacity better exhibited than in the love and care she displays for her offspring. . . . Cats will go through fire and water to save the life of their kittens, and fight to the bitter end to protect them. A dog will seldom dare to attack a cat while she is nursing her young."

He gives instances of cats saving their kittens from drowning, and other stories in illustration of their affection. The following passages are quoted from his book:—"Wherever pussy has chosen to have her kittens, there in that room or closet she prefers to nurse them, and should they and she be removed to another she will persist in carrying her offspring to the old place, however comfortable the new bed may be. This proves that pussy, like human beings of the same gender, has a will of her own.

I know an instance of a cat, whose kittens were removed by her master from the attic in which they were born, to a snug little berth in the barn. The cottage doors were closed against her, but Mrs. Puss was not to be balked, and next morning found her and her family comfortably ensconced in the old quarters. During the night she had smashed the attic skylight, and carried her kittens through one by one. Pussy gained her point and was happy. . . .

When a cat finds out that there is not room or convenience in her owner's house for the proper rearing of her family, or that there is some chance of molestation or danger from the inmates, she never hesitates to go elsewhere for the event. She generally selects an out-house or in the summer-time goes to the woods, but she never fails to return to her old abode, as soon as the kittens can take care of themselves."

Dr. Stables also tells the story of a cat who left her home to find a good place for her kittens. Topsy was greatly mourned by the old lady who owned the cat. "And weeks went past, as weeks will, whether one's in grief or not, and it was well into the middle of the third, and getting near evening, when lonesome Mary, cowering over her little fire, heard a voice that made her start and listen. She heard it again, and with her old heart bobbing for joy, she tottered to the door and admitted her long lost favourite. Pussy had no time for congratulations; she had a fine lively kitten in her mouth, which she carefully deposited in Mary's bed, and made straight for the door again. She was back again in twenty minutes with another, which she gently put beside the first, then she went back for another, then another, then a fifth. When she dropped the sixth and turned to go out again,

"Lord keep us, Topsy," said old Mary, "how mony mair is there? Are ye goin' to board a' the kits in the country on me?"

But the seventh was the last, and Topsy threw herself down beside the lot, and prepared to sing herself and them to sleep.

It turned out that Mary's cat had taken up her abode in a farmer's hay-loft, fully half a mile from her owner's house; but no one had seen her until the day she carried home her kittens.

Mother Love of Cats

I know another instance of a cat, who saved the life of a kitten that belonged to another cat. Her own kittens had been drowned a whole week before, but evidently she had not forgotten the loss; and one day, seeing four kittens being drowned in a pool, she plunged in, and seizing the largest brought it to the bank, and marched off with it in triumph. She reared it carefully. The children baptized it Moses, very appropriately too; and it is now a fine large Tom-tabby.

A poor cat, some time since, nearly lost her life in the Dee attempting to save the life of her kitten. The river was swollen with recent rains, and the kitten was in the middle of the stream but, nothing daunted, pussy, like the brave little heroine she was, plunged in, and finally reached it. Here her real danger only began, for the current was very strong, and pussy was whirled rapidly down the river. After struggling for nearly half an hour, she succeeded in landing at a bend of the river nearly a mile below. She had stuck to her kitten all the time, but the poor little thing was dead.

A family in Fifeshire were about removing to another farm, about four miles distant from the one they then occupied. Part of their household goods was a nice, large she-tabby, and being kind-hearted folks, they never thought of leaving her behind; so having found a home with a neighbor for pussy's one kitten, they took the mother with them to their new residence. Next morning pussy had disappeared, and they were just beginning to put faith in the popular fallacy that cats are more attached to places than to persons, when back came pussy, with her kitten. That kitten, pussy thought, wasn't old enough for weaning, and so she had gone back all the way to steal it. She was right."

MOTHER LOVE SHOWN BY CATS

EDITH CARRINGTON says: "In the whole wide world there does not exist a fonder mother than the cat. In the protection of her kittens she is perfectly self-forgetful." She gives an instance of a cat who ran into a burning building and brought out one of her kittens, returned and brought a second, and in spite of the efforts of spectators to restrain her, tried to rescue her third kitten; but she lost her life in the attempt.

Many similar stories are told of the devotion of mother cats in trying to save their young from burning buildings, and of going into the water to save their drowning kittens.

WAS IT ONLY INSTINCT?

WE DARE not say; we do not know. But she was only a black and white alley cat that had given birth to her kittens almost simultaneously with the first explosion in the saltpeter plant in Jersey City's recent fire. Homeless, friendless, she had crawled for shelter under a porch of one of the buildings. Through an aperture in the porch a stream from a fireman's hose drenched her. Frightened, she ran out. Another stream caught her and actually lifted her up and carried her nearly across the street. Then she remembered her kittens. Meanwhile the police, who had formed a barricade through which no one was to pass, saw her trying to get back through the line to the burning building. Knowing nothing of her purpose, they tried to stop her. It was in vain. She broke through the line, ran under the porch and came back to the street with a kitten in her mouth. Three times she did this before the porch caught fire. A policeman tried to get the others that had been left. The flame was too hot. The

Mother Love of Cats

cat went back for a fourth time, but the heat compelled her to retreat. Slowly she withdrew to where she had deposited the three she had saved. By this time her devotion had attracted almost as much attention as the fire, and the crowd began to cheer her. This they did heartily. Then a little Polish girl appeared, herself made homeless by the fire, and insisted upon taking the mother and her babies to care for. With the babies carried in her skirt she stole away from the scene, the crying mother following at her side.

A TRUE INCIDENT

AN ATTRACTIVE cat one day strolled into a garage and proceeded to make herself very much at home. She was promptly adopted by the employees, fed and petted. However, a garage is a cheerless place at best, so her friends were not surprised when she deserted them for a nice bed in some hay stored in a building across the way, although she still came back occasionally for food.

Here six kittens were born, and while they were quite young and helpless the mother was seen one afternoon on the sidewalk in front of the building, looking anxiously about, seemingly much disturbed; but what it was all about no one could guess. Finally she crossed the street to her former home, and ascended a short ladder to a loft, which she carefully inspected, apparently to her satisfaction, for braving the perils of traffic, one by one she brought her kittens from their nice bed in the hay and deposited them on the bare floor of the loft. About 9:30 that night the hay in the storage building was discovered to be on fire and before it was extinguished the building with its contents was nearly destroyed. The firemen said the fire had

Alexander and Some Other Cats

been smouldering for hours. The cat sensed the danger to her babies and promptly removed them to a place of safety. Could her motive have been understood by our superior intelligence the building might have been saved.

CAT TRAVELS SIXTY MILES WITH KITTEN IN MOUTH

DAVENPORT, IA., JULY 16, 1927 — (AP) — Mother love and hiking ability were shown by a Davenport maltese cat that walked 120 miles in three days, half of the distance with a kitten in her mouth.

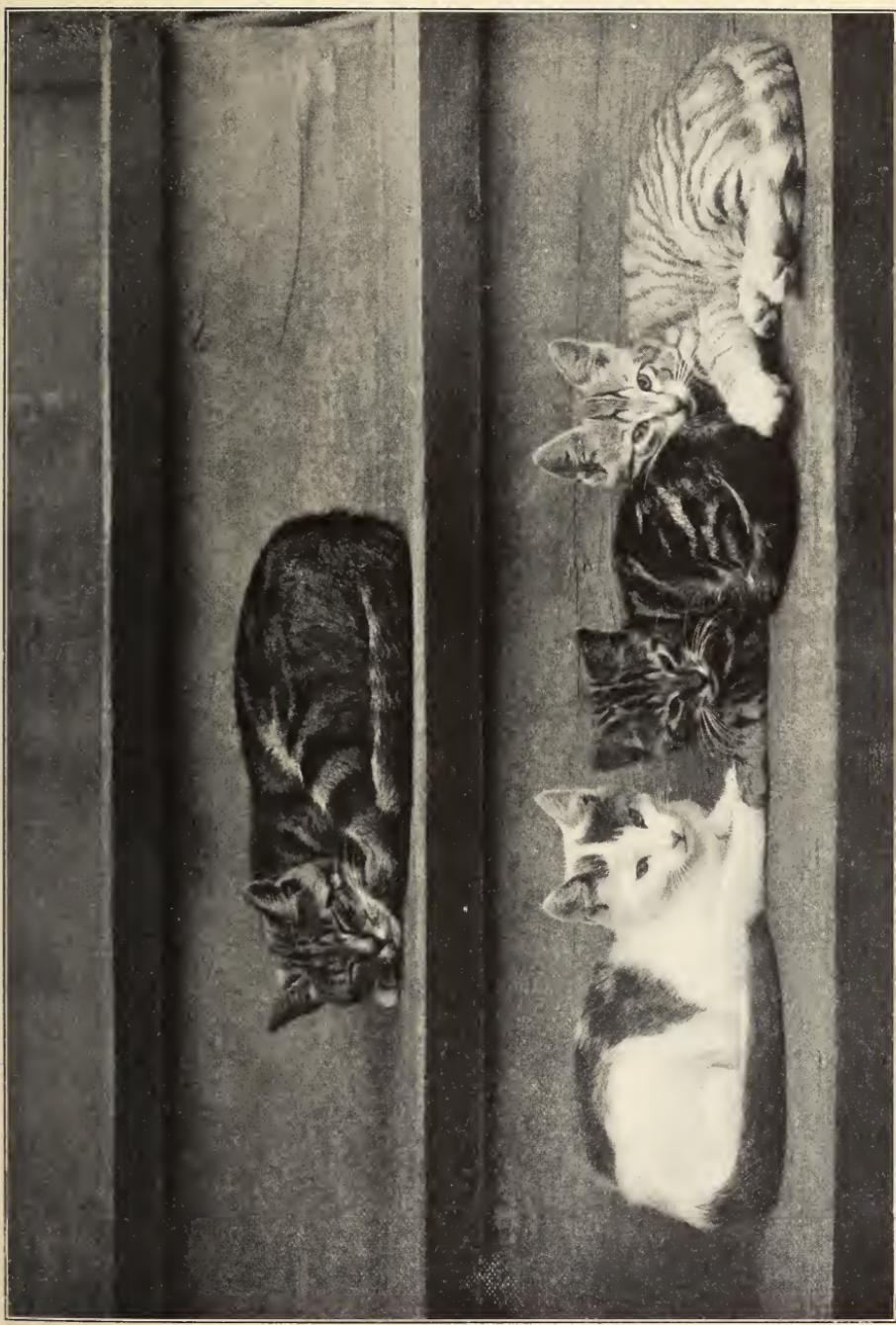
Recently the cat "adopted" a local hardware store as a home. A few days later a family of six kittens arrived. Employees gave the cat and her kittens to a farmer ten miles away.

The next day the cat came back. She carried a kitten in her mouth. Later in the day she came back again. She carried another kitten. Yesterday it was discovered she had carried all six back, making six trips, ten miles each way, of 120 miles in all.

Now Tabby and her family have a permanent home at the store.

THE MOTHER CAT

LAST FALL, while an old gentleman was at work in his garden, his cat came to him crying, and apparently in great distress. The old gentleman spoke kindly to her and she went away, but soon she returned and still cried; and going a little way off, would come back to him and mew as if she wanted him to follow her. It was so evident that was what she wanted, that the old man left his work and followed her. She took him to the front of the house, and there in the morning glories that were trained over the front door was her little kitten hung



NOONDAY REST



MOTHER CAT



KISSING HER KITTEN

Mother Love of Cats

by the neck, crying piteously and unable to extricate herself. The mother showed great joy when she saw her kitten liberated.

From "Our Dumb Animals"

FEEDING HER KITTEN

A MOTHER cat has been seen to carry a clam to her kitten. This seems remarkable, as the cat was known to be fond of clams and a clam could so easily slip down her throat. This was only one of the many ways in which she showed unselfishness, and devotion to her kitten.

KEEPING HER KITTENS WARM

MISS P. OF Fall River, Mass., tells of the following incident:

One early Spring, my cat, which I considered unusually intelligent, had two kittens in the cellar kitchen of my house. It was cold there and the cat used to come to the kitchen to get warm. One day my mother found the kittens covered with an old, woolen holder, while the mother cat was warming herself upstairs, and asked if I had covered them. I had not, and hastened to see. As my mother and myself were the only persons in the house, there was but one explanation,—the cat, herself, had covered her babies to keep them warm while she was away from them. This is absolutely true.

MOTHER CAT HAS RIGHT OF WAY

AT THE upraised hand of Patrolman James Cudmore, traffic on Broadway, New York City, was halted to allow a mother cat to carry her offspring safely across one of the world's busiest thoroughfares. Back and forth five times, until her little

Alexander and Some Other Cats

brood were all reassembled in a new home prepared for them, went this intrepid mother, and the huge crowds waited and watched. This one touch of humanity, like nature, goes far towards making the whole world kin.

From "Our Dumb Animals"

A MOTHER CAT BEQUEATHS HER KITTEN

ON A sultry day in July, a gentleman sits at a window, looking out upon a lawn, which has a fine growth of shrubbery. Underneath the bushes, at a distance of half a dozen yards, he perceives two cats with their kittens, stretched out for rest in the shade. One of the cats rolls about uneasily, and seems drooping, as if sick. Presently she takes her kitten in her mouth, and bringing it to the other cat, lays it beside her, close to her own kittens, and then mews piteously. Now there seems to be a general excitement; the other cat mews back, lays her paw upon the newly-arrived kitten and licks it. All the kittens move, and mew faintly. The first cat then staggers off, to a distance of about ten yards, and lies down. After a minute or two, she does not move, nor seem to breathe. The gentleman goes to her and finds her dead.

The story goes on to say that the other cat adopted the kitten and took the best of care of it, feeding, defending and caressing it as if it were her own until it reached the estate of "Cathood."

Rev. Henry Voorhees in "Our Dumb Animals"

PHOEBE AND THE CHICKENS

SOME LADIES I know very well had a cat named Phoebe, who lived to be fifteen years old. She once took care of a chicken

Mother Love of Cats

for two days. It happened in this way. The chick was hatched after all the rest of the brood, and was too weak to run about with the others. It was plain that it would die if left with them, so it was brought indoors, and placed before the fire to see if warmth would revive it.

Phoebe was, as usual, lying on the hearth; and presently she went over to the chick, calling it as if it had been a kitten, and then licking it and tucking it under her warm coat. She spent the whole day cuddling it before the fire, and in the evening, when the hen and her family were settled for the night, this chick was put under its mother's wing. But the following morning, as it was still feeble, it was again brought in and entrusted to Phoebe's care. By the next day it was able to hold its own with the rest of the brood.

As long as the chickens remained in the coop, Phoebe showed her interest in her foster-child by sitting down outside the enclosure, and watching their movements. What made her conduct the more remarkable was, that she had no kittens at the time, so that her motherly kindness seemed like pure benevolence.

Jane Bridge in "Kindness to Animals"

A MOTHER'S HELPER

I CAN tell you of another considerate act on the part of a young, beautiful, long-furred grey cat, recently sent from Phoebe's home in Cornwall to live in Clifton. In his abode there was an older cat, a very small, common black one, and she had a kitten. Every day for two or three weeks the mother brought it up from the kitchen to the dining room, but it soon became too heavy, and then the servant kindly carried it up for her.

Alexander and Some Other Cats

One afternoon she forgot to do so, and the grey cat came to her, looking up in her face; but as he could not make her understand, at last he darted down the kitchen stairs, and quickly appeared again with the kitten in his mouth. He was plainly aware that he was much bigger and stronger than the mother, and so he had come to her help. Another day, when they were all in the garden together, he again took up the kitten and brought it into the house.

I think that both these anecdotes show kindness and intelligence on the part of the cats. They had always been treated with gentleness and consideration, so that their better qualities were encouraged and developed.

Jane Bridge in “Kindness to Animals”

A SIMILAR STORY

I HAVE told you an instance of one cat helping another. Now I will tell you of a similar case which happened near the old town of Dartmouth in Devonshire.

There was an unused stable in the garden of a house there, and in this stable a stray cat made its home. The young ladies of the family tried to make friends with him, but he was so wild or so timid that all their coaxing was in vain.

After a time they made a present to a farmer in the neighbourhood of a cat of their own with her three kittens. He took the mother and babies with him in a covered basket, and put them in his barn. This was about a mile distant from the town where they had lived, and on the other side of a hill.

The next day the cat came back to her old home, bringing one kitten in her mouth. In a little while she left the kitten and went away again. A few hours afterwards the family were much surprised to see her marching down the garden, carrying

Mother Love of Cats

another kitten, and this time with a companion to help her, for by her side was walking the stray cat, holding in his mouth the third kitten. It was quite plain that the poor mother had, somehow, told her friend of her difficulty in bringing back her children, and had got his kind assistance in her labours. Both cats were very weary with their tiresome journey, for they must have found it hard work to carry the kittens so far. I am sure that you will be glad to hear that they and their mother were not sent away again.

Jane Bridge

FROM " ANECDOTES OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM "

THIS STORY was said to be furnished by a correspondent of the "Penny Magazine": "I was once on a visit to a friend in the country, who had a favorite cat and dog, who lived together on the best possible terms, eating from the same plate and sleeping on the same rug. Puss had a young family, and Pincher was in the habit of making a daily visit to the kittens, whose nursery was at the top of the house. One morning, there was a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. Pincher was in the drawing-room, and puss was attending to her family in the garret. Pincher seemed annoyed by the vivid flashes of lightning; and just as he had crept nearer to my feet, some one entered the room followed by puss, who walked in with a disturbed air, and mewing with all her might. She came to Pincher, rubbed her face against his cheek, touched him gently with her paw all of which said, as plainly as words could have done, 'Come with me, Pincher,' but the dog was too much alarmed himself to give any consolation to her, and took no notice of the invitation.

"The cat then returned, and renewed her application, with

increased energy; but the dog was immovable, though it was evident that he understood her meaning; for he turned away his head with a self-conscious look, and crept closer to me. Puss soon left the room. Not long after this, the mewing became so piteous, that I could no longer resist going to see what was the matter. I met the cat at the top of the stairs, close by the door of my chamber. She ran to me, rubbed herself against me, and then went into the room, and crept under the wardrobe. I then heard two voices, and discovered that she had brought down one of her kittens, and lodged it there for safety; but her fears and cares being so divided between the kitten above and this little one below, I suppose she wanted Pincher to watch by this one, while she went for the other; for, having confided it to my protection, she hastened upstairs. Not wishing to have charge of the young family, I followed her up, taking the kitten with me, placed it beside her, and moved the little bed farther from the window, through which the lightning flashed so vividly as to alarm poor puss for the safety of her progeny. I then remained in the garret till the storm had passed away.

“On the following morning, much to my surprise, I found puss waiting for me at the door of my apartment. She accompanied me down to breakfast, sat by me, and caressed me in every possible way. She had always been in the habit of going down to breakfast with the lady of the house; but on this morning she had resisted all her coaxing to leave my door, and would not move a step till I had made my appearance. She had never done this before, and never did it again. She had shown her gratitude to me for the care of her little ones, and her duty was done.”

Mother Love of Cats

“FUDGE” AND THE FIERY FURNACE

THIS is an incident in the life of a mother cat, who lived with us for years. “Fudge,” as we called her, in memory of my wife’s pet kitten of school days, lived with her family of four in a corner of our basement. One morning the furnace fire, forgotten, burned too long. The heat became intense, and the safety valve began noisily to “blow off,” filling the basement with a threatening cloud of steam. Rushing downstairs to the overheated furnace, which was hissing and snorting in a quite terrifying manner, we found that Fudge had covered the kittens with her body and was spitting defiance at the steam demon, which was rolling toward her like an evil genie released from its bottle. Not an inch did the little mother cat retreat, but advanced on the approaching enemy of her kittens with shining eyes and the bold bearing of a Boadicea. Her only weapons were her needled fore paws, terror of the intruding dogs of the neighborhood. We saw her strike repeatedly with left paw, with right paw, at the wraith-like steam curling stealthily about her, sinking her blows in the ranks of an enemy that closed up after each assault. The Thing must be driven out of the basement, bedroom of her kittens, at all costs. Luckily for our Feline Family Fudge it was not a gas attack, so the sudden episode ended happily with no casualties among the kittens.

When the noisy furnace was throttled, Fudge curled up again with a protecting paw about her unscathed offspring, and went calmly to sleep. It seemed to me that she deserved the cat’s *croix-de-guerre* for bravery under fire; but maternal self-forgetfulness has usually been its own reward, and a tribute

Alexander and Some Other Cats

of catnip was all I could offer. But in my catalogue of heroines I keep her name enrolled.

George L. Bradlee in "Our Dumb Animals"

A CAT SAVES A PUPPY'S LIFE

BESIDE a mother cat and her four kittens they had placed a mother dog with her four young puppies in the headquarters of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. One by one the mother cat saw the dog and three of her puppies taken away to be destroyed. Then the mother instinct became too strong to be resisted. The mother cat jumped from her box, tenderly caught the remaining puppy by the back of the neck and carried it back to her own litter of kittens.

Now the four kittens and the puppy rest side by side, while the proud mother cat looks on. I found a home for the whole little family.

I. M. L.

CATS ADOPT THREE PUPPIES

THE FOLLOWING instance was reported in the Boston Herald. The mother of three puppies died when they were three days old, and they were adopted by "Kitty," a Provincetown cat. She found the care of three too much for her, and she took two across the street to "Frisky" a ten year old cat stronger than Kitty. The two cats nursed the motherless puppies.

HUMANITY SHOWN BY A MOTHER CAT

THE OWNER of two female cats (Susan and Martha) having died, a neighbor took them into her home. Susan was quite an old cat. She had been her former owner's favorite, and had never associated much with Martha.



REPOSE



A YOUNG FAMILY



WHAT DO WE SEE?



A HAPPY HOME

Mother Love of Cats

Two boxes were placed in an empty room and arranged for their comfort, and soon after they both had kittens at about the same time. Susan cleaned and nursed her kitten, and after a while heard the feeble cry of Martha's kitten. She went over and looked into Martha's box and found that neither mother nor kitten had been cleaned. She took the kitten, carried it to her own box, cleaned and nursed it, then went to Martha's box and cleaned her. The next day Susan spent nearly all her spare time licking and caring for the invalid and towards night got into the box and stretched herself beside Martha to comfort her or keep her warm, perhaps both. Martha died during the night and Susan cared for her kitten as though it were her own.

GRANDMOTHERLY CARES

M. DUPONT DE NEMOURS GIVES a charming instance of grandmotherly care and devotion on the part of a cat whose young daughter was very ill after the birth of her first kittens. She had a little family of her own at the same time; but she gathered her grand-children into her overflowing basket, nursed them, and watched over them attentively, until their parent was able to assume her maternal duties.

CAT ORPHANAGE FOUNDED

WHETHER MARY is an angel of mercy, an assistant pound-master, a nursery governess or just plain kidnapper is the quadrangular question over which the culinary and service staffs at Jack Dupree's Restaurant on Emerson street are arguing, but without any illuminating testimony from Mary herself. Mary just keeps silent on the subject and continues to do her stuff.

Alexander and Some Other Cats

Mary is just an ordinary-looking tiger cat, who applied successfully for lodgings in a box at the rear of the restaurant recently, and that night became the mother of three kittens. And she has been becoming the foster mother of more kittens almost every day since. Every so often Mary leaves her charges sleeping in their comfortable box, disappears for an hour or so, and returns with some other tabby's kitten. Once she arrived carrying two strayed, abandoned or kidnapped kittens in her mouth. As a result of all her trips Mary's orphanage now has a collection of 13 kittens of assorted ages, sizes, breeds, colors and pedigrees. The most recent acquisition is a rusty little kitten whose eyes have been open only a day or two.

The ever-growing family is well cared for. Mary is a conscientious and devoted mother. A few dogs called early in the history of the institution, but Mary made short shift of them, and somehow the word seemed to have passed in Dogdom that Mary's orphanage is no playhouse for pups. They have quit their visits. Jack Dupree, the restaurateur, is an abundant provider. The feline family never lacks for milk or meat, and as a result Jack Dupree will probably never lack for cats — or kittens.

Palo Alto "Times"

KITTENS

KITTENS

SEE the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall. . . .
But the kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws and darts
First at one and then its fellow,
Just as light and just as yellow:
There are many now — now one,
Now they stop, and there are none.
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire.
With a tiger-leap halfway
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again:
Now she works with three or four.
Like an Indian conjurer:
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd?
Over happy to be proud,
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure.

Wordsworth

Goldsmith also wrote of the kitten:—

*“ Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries:
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling fagot flies.”*

MISS AGNES REPLIER WRITES THIS DELIGHTFUL DESCRIPTION
OF A KITTEN

“ IT is the most irresistible comedian in the world. Its wide-open eyes gleam with wonder and mirth. It darts madly at nothing at all, and then, as though suddenly checked in the pursuit, prances sideways on its hind legs with ridiculous agility and zeal. It makes a vast pretence of climbing the rounds of a chair, and swings by the curtains like an acrobat. It scrambles up a table leg, and is seized with comic horror at finding itself full two feet from the floor. If you hasten to its rescue, it clutches you nervously, its little heart thumping against its furry sides, while its soft paws expand and contract with agitation and relief:—

Yet the instant it is back on the carpet, it feigns to be suspicious of your interference, peers at you out of ‘the tail o’ its e’e,’ and scampers for protection under the sofa, from which asylum it presently emerges with cautious, trailing steps as though encompassed by fearful dangers and alarms.

KITTENS

EVERYTHING THAT moves serves to amuse them. They are convinced that Nature is occupied solely with their diversion; they do not conceive of any other cause for motion; and when

Kittens

by our movements we incite them to graceful tumbling, may it not be that they take us merely for pantomimists, all of whose actions are jokes?

Moncrieff

PLAYFULNESS NOT CRUELTY

NO ONE calls a kitten cruel that plays with a string. An old cat will play with a string and the instinct of play accounts for their treatment of mice. It would be cruelty in a man, but one should not call an animal cruel when carrying out the instincts of nature.

LITTLE CHILDREN AND KITTENS

MISS WINSLOW SAYS:— “ Do not let little children handle very young kittens; but a grown person, who knows how to do it properly, may teach a kitten to know her hand even before its eyes are opened. There is much difference in kittens even at that age, however; some of the tiny things showing an affectionate even disposition, and others seeming to be but tiny bundles of nerves, that start and cry when they feel a strange presence near. Even these can be taught in a few weeks, if extreme gentleness is used, and persistent, careful stroking and handling is kept up regularly; so that the most nervous kitten becomes gentle, and affectionate, and trustful, by the time it is two months old. Great care should be taken in this respect, if a nice cat is wanted: because exceedingly nervous kittens, if left to themselves for six months or so, are extremely difficult to tame, and will never submit to being handled like those who have been trained from earliest infancy.”

KITTY AND HIS BOTTLE

WHEN THE little gray kitten was three weeks old, the old mother cat died. What was to be done? It seemed very hard to drown the poor little thing; but it would not do to let it starve; and it cried so loud, "Mee-ow, mee-ow," that Aunt Lizzie, who has a very soft spot in her heart for dumb creatures, could not bear to hear it.

She tried feeding him with a spoon; but kitty did not like that at all: he choked and squirmed, and most of the milk ran down on his neck and breast and made him very wet and uncomfortable.

At last she said to herself, "Babies suck milk out of bottles, and why should not kittens?" She got a small bottle, filled it with warm milk and water, and put a little piece of sponge in the top, like a cork. Then she put it in kitty's mouth. Oh, how pleased he was! He held the bottle fast in his little fore paws, and sucked away until all the milk was gone.

Then Aunt Lizzie wrapped him up in a warm cloth, laid him in a deep box; and he went to sleep as cosily as could be. In a few days he learned to know the bottle, and would seize it and draw it up close as soon as he caught sight of it.

Everybody who saw this funny sight laughed heartily; and kitty and his bottle had to be brought up to the parlor to be admired almost every day. He was fed in this way for more than two weeks, until he could lap milk out of a saucer.

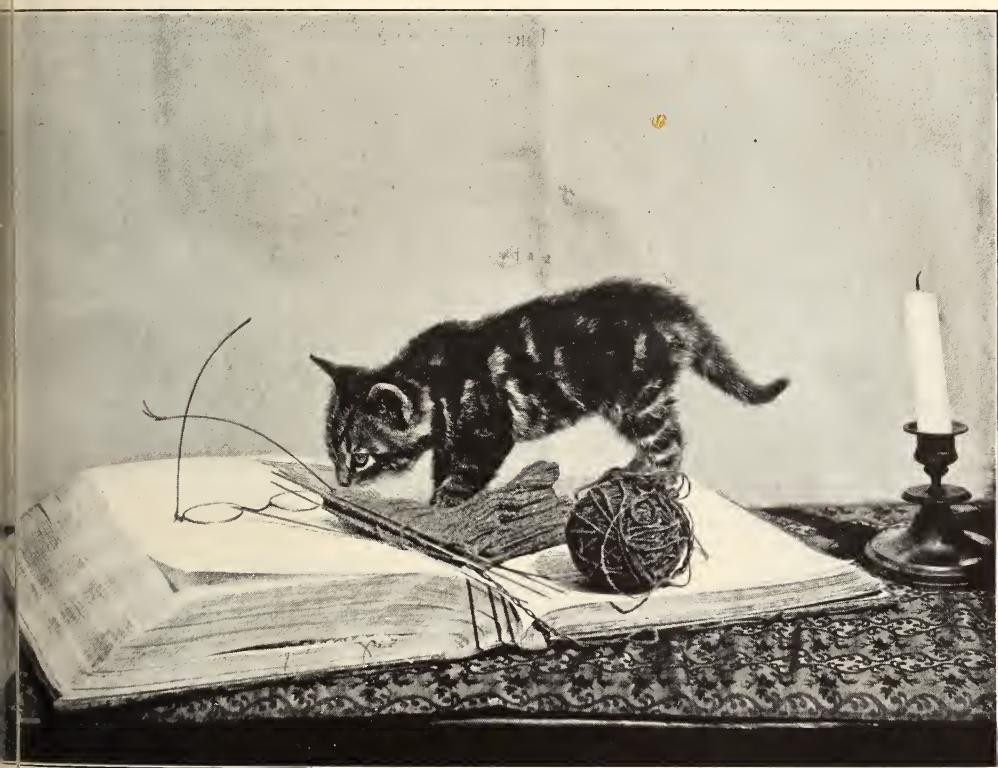
From "The Nursery"

KITTENS AT PLAY

"WHAT is prettier or more fascinating than a kitten, or better still, two kittens, at play? It calls a smile of amusement and



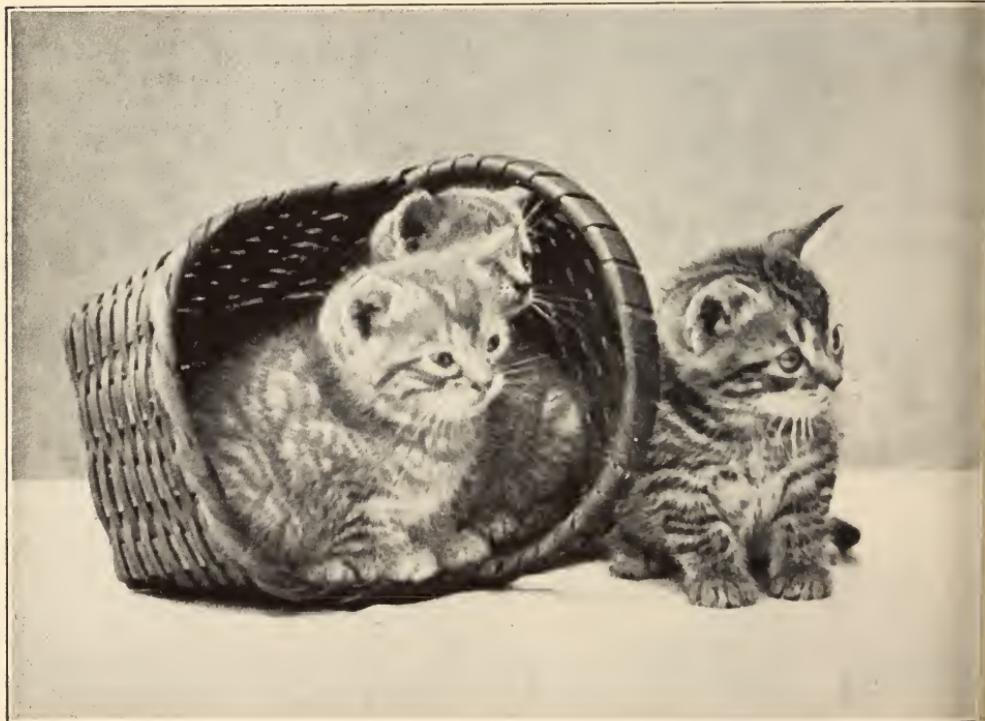
BRIGHT EYES



ON GRANDMA'S TABLE



MORNING TOILET



INNOCENCE (*From Photograph by Doris E. Wright*)

Kittens

admiration to the gravest countenance, to watch the grotesque movements, the marvelous activity, the exquisite gracefulness, of these sportive little creatures.

A child with a kitten is one of the prettiest sights in nature. But little children are apt to squeeze pussy too hard, and then out come sharp little claws, a cry ensues, and perhaps a foolish mother or nurse is angry with the kitten, and so gives a direct lesson in cruelty and injustice to the infant mind. All intercourse between young children and animals should be guarded by judicious elders, or suffering on both sides may ensue."

Mrs. Mary F. Lovell says: "Thoughtless and unfeeling conduct which rapidly develops into downright cruelty, is exercised first and most largely toward the brute creation, because of its helplessness and the larger opportunity. It may begin very easily. An innocent baby will, in its exuberant happiness, squeeze a poor kitten nearly to death, and try to put his fingers into its eyes; but the baby's innocence is no reason for allowing him a pastime that gives pain to a living creature. The kitten has rights that even a baby can be taught to respect; and the baby has the right to an early training which will make him, by and by, a benevolent and humane member of society, and not a selfish and thoughtless one."

It is better to teach the baby not to touch the cat at all until he is old enough to understand how to be gentle.

DISCIPLINE

WE REMEMBER being much amused with seeing a kitten manifestly making a series of experiments upon the patience of its mother, trying how far the latter would put up with positive bites and thumps. The kitten ran at her every moment, gave her a knock or a bite of the tail; and then ran back again, to

Alexander and Some Other Cats

recommence the assault. The mother sat looking at her, as if betwixt tolerance and admiration to see how far the spirit of the family was inherited or improved by her sprightly offspring. At length, however, the "little Pickle" presumed too far, and the mother, lifting her paw, and meeting her at the very nick of the moment, gave her one of the most unsophisticated boxes of the ear we ever beheld. It sent the kitten rolling half over the room, and made her come to a most ludicrous pause, with the oddest little look of premature and wincing meditation.

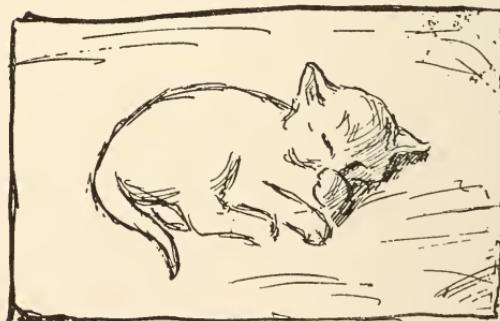
Leigh Hunt

TEACHING KITTENS

BY ALLOWING kittens to play with their fingers many persons teach kittens to bite and scratch. It may be amusing for little kittens to do this but when they become older and bite harder, cats are likely to be punished for what may only be intended for play. In that way the cat's disposition may be injured as cats resent any rough treatment.

It is better to take a string or paper in playing with kittens and to teach them that hands are used only in stroking them gently. Then they will rub their heads against your hands and purr to show their pleasure.

S. J. E.



AFFECTION FOR PERSONS

THE LOVE OF CATS FOR PERSONS

DR. W. GORDON STABLES affirms that the popular fallacy that cats become more attached to places than to persons, had its origin in the days when they were kept for use only and not as pets. The following is quoted from his book "Cats."

"Are cats more attached to places than to persons? I am happy to find that the opinion of all cat-lovers, nearly all cat breeders, and the large majority of people who keep a cat for utility, is that cats are as a rule more attached to their owners than to their homes. This question then must be considered as set at rest, and a stigma removed from the name and character of our friend, the cat. The popular fallacy, that cats are fonder of places than persons, first took its origin in the days, long gone by, when cats were kept for use only and never as pets; and it only obtains now among people who look upon pussy as a mere animated rat-trap, and who starve, neglect, and in every way ill-treat the poor thing. Although of a nature not so demonstrative as that of the dog, still a cat is capable of loving its master or mistress with a love equally strong, if not stronger.

'My own cat,' writes a lady correspondent, 'although greatly petted by its master, appears quite wretched whenever I go on a visit. After mewing at my door for a day or two, it leaves the house, often remaining away for weeks; but his delight at seeing me when I return, his fond rush towards me and his song of joy are very pretty.' The same lady gives an

account of a venerable old tortoise-shell puss who goes to sea with its master, an officer in an East Indiaman, and keeps watch with him by night or day in all weathers. No wonder he is fond of her.

I know an instance of a cat that was very strongly attached to a boy. When this boy was sent to a distant school, pussy, after mourning for him several days, took to the woods and never returned.

Six years ago, an intimate friend of mine, who 'loveth all things great and small,' went to reside for a time with a family in town. A fine blue cat was an inmate of the same house.

'The cat,' said the mistress, 'belongs to the family that lived here before; it has been five times removed, and always comes back.'

My friend only remained there for six weeks, when he changed his residence for a house he had taken only a few streets off; but when he left, that bonny blue cat trotted by his side all the way home, and it has not returned yet.

Stories are told of cats who have left the house altogether and in some cases have died apparently of grief after the departure of some person to whom they were especially attached."

ARE CATS PARASITES?

YES, PUSSY certainly earns her living, although I may not see her eat a single mouse. Her presence is enough to guard me against these pests. After all, I do not like to think she has to eat mice, because that shows that I have not fed her enough, but I like to think that she earns a meal if only by the fact that she lives in our house. She does not need to be a Persian or a Maltese. As long as she is a cat, that is enough.

Then there is companionship. Rich people pay for hired

Affection for Persons

companions. A house without a cat seems to be lacking in something. I love to see a cat asleep on the mat near the fire. She is a beautiful picture. I love to take her on my lap while I read. I love to hear her welcome purr, when I come back from my daily walks. I love to feel her rubbing against my legs and saying, in her best cat way, "I love you."

She does not cost very much, but I think she is well worth her salt, or shall I say, her bread and milk?

Cats are not supposed to be as faithful as dogs; but if you treat your cat aright I have no doubt that you will find she is just as faithful as your Pomeranian. I knew a woman who frequently changed her lodgings. It was enough to mystify anyone. I went to see her very often and seldom found her in the same place. But her cat was always with her. I asked the woman if she carried the cat along, but she said, "No, the cat follows me from house to house."

That cat certainly knew when she was well off. Treat a cat well and you will have no cause for complaint. You will be well repaid. She will chase the mice away and keep them away. She will be a good companion and she will be faithful and love you. What more can you ask of an animal?

Mrs. Nestor Noel in "Our Dumb Animals"

AFFECTION OF CATS

WE ARE frequently told that cats are not so affectionate in their nature as dogs are, and that they attach themselves to places, not persons. This may be so generally, but cats will become greatly attached to those who treat them well. I had a handsome tortoise-shell cat, which was so fond of me that she would not be forced off my lounge, when I was confined there by illness. She would stretch herself at my feet, because my

Alexander and Some Other Cats

dog occupied the place by my side, and the two would lie there for hours, never quarreling, unless pussy usurped the dog's place. In that case, he would look in my face and wait until I had moved her to my feet. Whenever the cat had kittens, she would wait until their eyes were opened, and every morning she would bring them one by one to my room and lay them at my feet. When they were all collected, she would wash and suckle them, and then go off to attend to her own business, or pleasure, and stay away until she knew that they needed her. As this was troublesome, I had them carried away at night. This she disapproved of most decidedly; but all the same she would be seen, early next morning, bringing them back to me to have an oversight of them, so that she might be free to go where she pleased. I considered it a compliment, for I never fed her.

From "Our Dumb Animals"

THE DEVOTION OF CATS

MISS EDITH CARRINGTON who wrote "Workers Without Wage," after giving instances of cats going through fire and water to save their kittens says: "But the unselfish devotion of cats is not kept for their babies alone. They are capable of most passionate attachment to those who own and love them. They are faithful unto death, and come very little short of the dog, in proving this affection."

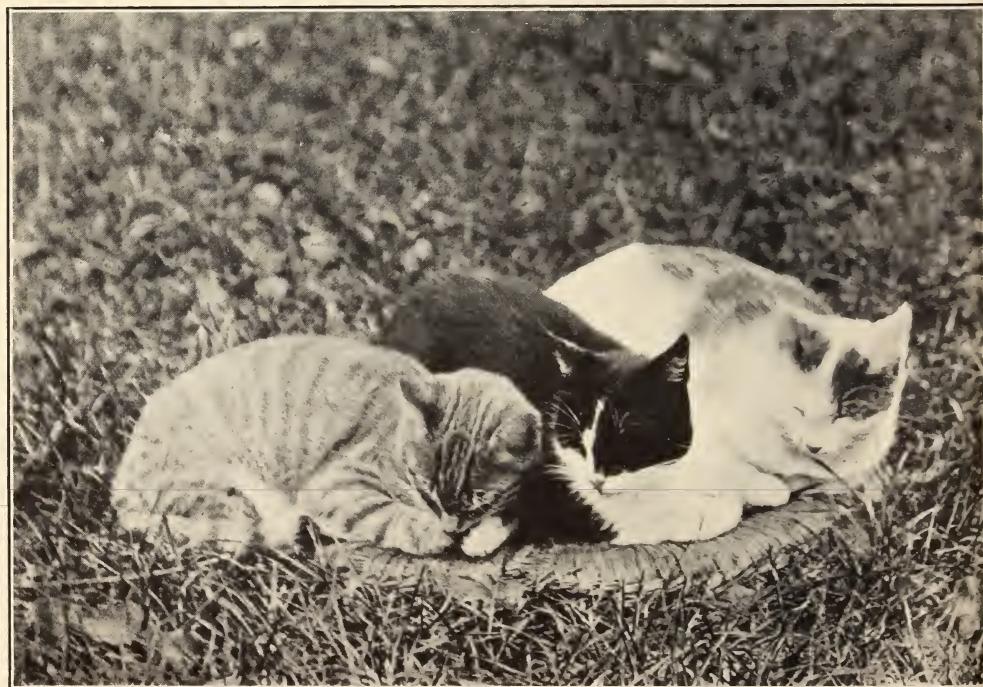
Miss Carrington believes that although a cat is quite as capable of affection as a dog, it is very sensitive and "will not, like the dog, show affection in spite of everything. If you neglect or ill-use a cat it will not fawn on you, but will run away whenever it sees you, or become the unlovable creature so many find her after they have made her so." It is quite clear to



A QUARTETTE



NEW STYLE IN HATS



A PEACEFUL CONVENTION

Affection for Persons

Miss Carrington that a cat will never prefer places to persons but it must have something to attach itself to, if not a person it must be a house. Miss Carrington tells of cats who had great attachment for her personally, and insisted upon following her in her walks out of doors, going with her everywhere.

A stray kitten that Miss Carrington took home was devoted to her and could not bear to be away from her. At one time she leaped from a window fourteen feet high to get to her. This same kitten was very clever in opening a door by holding to the handle with one fore paw, hitting the thumb piece with the other and kicking at the door-post with its hind legs until the door opened. The dogs would meanwhile stand by until the deed was done, and then they would rush through.

Miss Carrington's own cats have given her so much affection that was unselfish that she strongly objects to hearing them called "selfish" as so many people do.

She tells the story of a cat that became very uneasy when her mistress was ill and did not come to the dinner table. After awhile the cat jumped on the bed and presented her with a mouse; the next day she brought a piece of her own meat to the invalid, evidently thinking she was being starved; and until her mistress was able to resume her place at the dinner table she continued her solicitude. Another story is told of a cat whose owner was obliged to go away, and although the people with whom he was left were kind and attentive to him, offering him dainties, he would not eat but watched the front door all day. He pined away, and before his owner returned, had died.

CONFIDENCE IN A LOVED OWNER

IN "NATURE" (Volume XX) there is a story which is given as an instance of reasoning in a cat. We should rather call it an instance of affection as well as reasoning. Mr. Bidie, writing from the government museum of Madras, says that while he was away for two months his quarters were occupied by two young men who teased and frightened his three cats. He says "An English Tabby very gentle and affectionate had kittens about a week before my return, which she carefully hid behind book shelves in the library. On the morning of my return I saw the cat and patted her as usual, and then left the house for about an hour. On returning, I found that the kittens were located in the corner of my dressing-room, where previous broods had been deposited and nursed. On questioning the servant as to how they came there, he at once replied, 'Sir, the old cat, taking them one by one in her mouth, brought them here.' In other words, the mother had carried them one by one in her mouth from the library to the dressing-room, where they lay quite exposed. I do not think I have heard of a more remarkable instance of reasoning and affectionate confidence in an animal, and I need hardly say that the latter manifestations gave me great pleasure."

STORIES SHOWING AFFECTION AND CONFIDENCE

A CAT was accustomed to follow her mistress in her walks up the hill and in the woods on the place. Sometimes when her friend stayed too long she would mew and suggest that it was time to go home, but would not leave her.

It was in the country, and both the cat and dog would take a walk down the road with the family in the evening. One

Affection for Persons

night the cat refused to go and, crying, led her special friend to a lot of shelves and boxes at the side of the carriage house. The next day in one of these places her kittens were found. I think they arrived that night, and she had announced the event beforehand to the one she trusted.

A cat and her kitten, in a basket, were taken by Miss G. into her stateroom when traveling from Boston to Bar Harbor by night. When Miss G. (for whom the cat had shown much affection) was in the upper berth, settled for the night, she heard the cat talking to her kitten. Presently the cat jumped to the upper berth and talked to Miss G. in the same soft tones that she used for her kitten. Miss G. was much pleased and I think the basket was taken to the upper berth where the mother cat could be with both of those whom she loved.

A cat had her kittens in a house in the country. There she was fed and had a comfortable place to sleep and care for her kittens. About a hundred feet away was another house, and Miss B., the owner of the cat, used a room there for her studio. She was surprised one day to have the cat appear, bringing her kittens, one at a time, to the room where she was working. That the cat should leave the house where she was fed to be near the one who especially loved her, was remarkable, and showed personal affection on the part of the cat.

At another place, Miss B. had a similar experience with a mother cat whose two kittens were comfortably settled with her at the top of the house, with every cat convenience; but after a while she brought her kittens to Miss B's bedroom door. She might have been expected to take her kittens to the dining room or kitchen where she was fed.

LOVE SHOWN BY CAT

WHEN I was a child on the farm we had two very handsome cats, part clear white and part silver tabby, named Beauty and Peter. Beauty was rather more intelligent than Peter, who was fat and lazy. But I had a funny little experience with Peter once, that seems to show that he was not altogether stupid. I went out in the pasture after wild flowers and carried Peter along for company, although he was a heavy load. He did not wish to go but made no strenuous objection. However, as soon as I put him down and commenced to gather flowers, he started back on the path for home. This did not suit me at all, but I sat there on the ground and watched him until he started up a little knoll about half-way between me and the house. I can't imagine what made me think of doing such a thing, but I put my hands over my eyes and began to pretend great grief, sobbing and wailing at the top of my voice, watching all the time through my fingers to see what Peter would do. Although I could not have been more than ten years old, I can see him plainly now in memory, as he stopped and turned to look back at me, one paw half raised as if he were undecided which way to go. My mournful wails grew louder as I saw the effect they had on him. The next moment I saw him trotting back toward me as fast as he could go, uttering little cries of sympathy. He simply hurled himself upon me, and you can imagine my surprise and delight. I hugged and stroked him — he was one of the most affectionate cats I ever had — and he purred and rubbed his head against mine to show his joy and love. The incident made such a deep impression upon me that I have never forgotten it. The people who insist that cats are selfish and care only for their own comfort

Affection for Persons

would not believe this story, I am sure, but it is absolutely true.

J. L.

ABOUT "PRETTY LADY"

A STORY that shows the affection a cat can have for an individual is told of "Pretty Lady" in Miss Helen M. Winslow's book "Concerning Cats."

"Do not tell me that cats never love people; that only places have real hold upon their affections. The Pretty Lady was contented whenever I, her most humble slave, went with her. She migrated with me from boarding house to seashore cottage; then to regular housekeeping; up to the mountains for a summer, and back home, a long day's journey on the railway; and her attitude was always 'Wheresoever thou goest I will go, and thy people shall be my people.' I have known and loved and studied many cats, but my knowledge of her alone would convince me that cats love people — in their dignified, reserved way, and when they feel that their love is not wasted; that they reason, and that they seldom act from impulse."

Miss Winslow tells of going away for a short visit: "The cat was uneasy and unhappy. On the fifth day she disappeared. When the cat was found by her sister, after some weeks, she was only a shadow of herself. She was wild with delight, and clung to my sister's arms as though fearing to lose her; and in all the fuss that was made over her return, no human being could have showed more affection, or more satisfaction at finding her old friends again." The author goes on to tell how the cat waited for hours to welcome her home, and says "I wish those people who believe cats have no affection for people could have seen her then. She would not leave me for an instant, and

manifested her love in every possible way; and when I retired for the night, she curled up on my pillow and purred herself contentedly to sleep, only rising when I did."

Of the same "Pretty Lady" we are told: "When she was two or three months old she somehow got hold of the table-napkins done up in their rings. These were always to her the most delightful playthings in the world. As a kitten, she would play with them by the hour, if not taken away; and she would go to sleep cuddled affectionately around them. She got over this as she grew older; but when her first kitten was two or three months old, remembering the jolly times she used to have, she would sneak into the dining room and get the rolled napkins, carry them in her mouth to her infant and endeavor with patient anxiety to show him how to play with them."

In the same book the following stories are told. To a cat who was very affectionate, Miss Winslow was in the habit of giving a certain caress. She left the farm where he was and did not see him again for two years; but when she returned and found him he stretched up for the old caress which nobody else ever gave him.

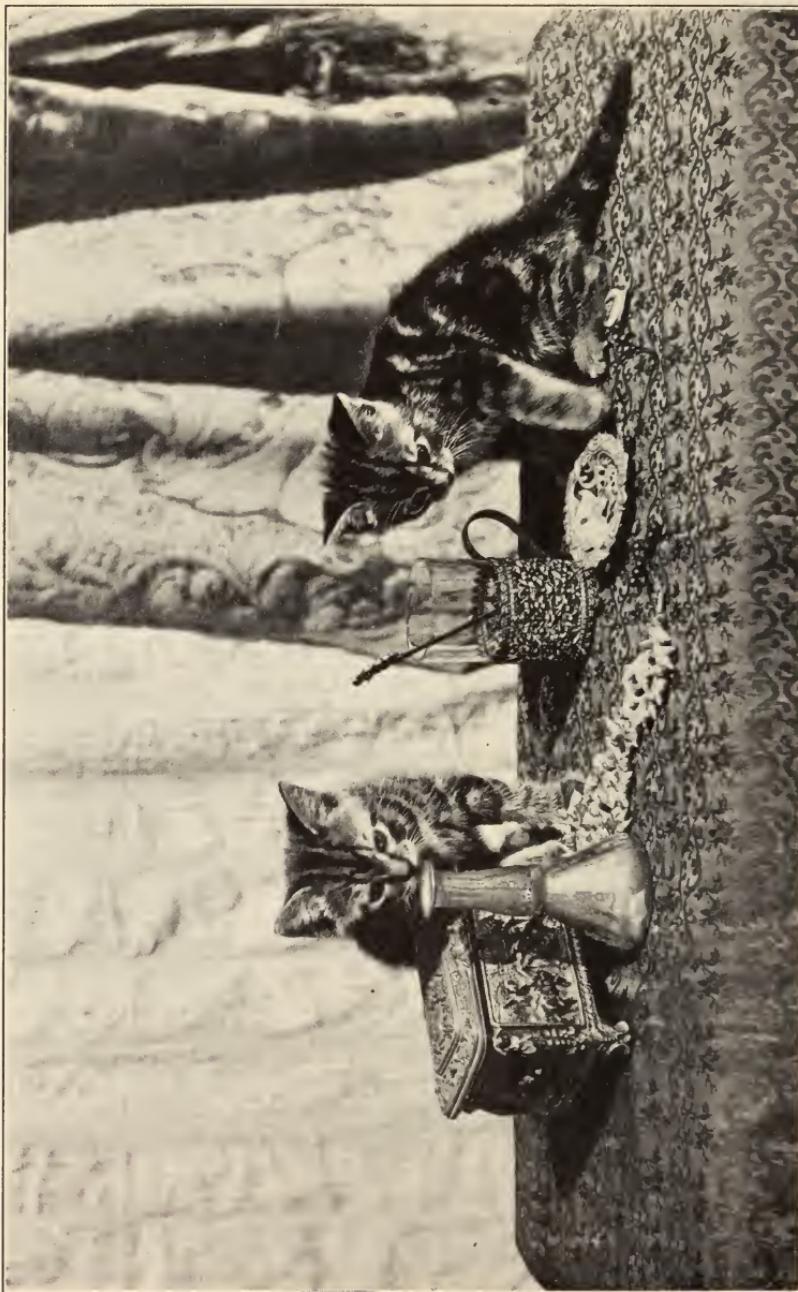
Another cat would only get into the lap of his special friend, who went away for five months. On her return he at once jumped into her lap and showed his recognition and pleasure.

Louise Chandler Moulton tells the following remarkable cat story:—

"My mother had a cat that lived to be twenty-five years old. He was faithful and fond, and a great pet in the family, of course. About two years before his death a new kitten was added to the family. This kitten, named 'Jim,' immediately conceived the greatest affection for old Jack, and as the old



AFTER DINNER



VALUABLE PLAYTHINGS

Affection for Persons

fellow's senses of sight and smell failed, so that he could not go hunting himself, Jim used to do it for both. Every day he brought Jack mice and squirrels and other game as long as he lived. Then, too, he used to wash Jack, lapping him all over as a mother cat does her kitten. He did this, too, as long as he lived. The feebler old Jack grew the more Jim did for him, and when Jack finally died of old age, Jim was inconsolable."

THE CAT REMEMBERED

ONE OF Miss Fidelia Bridges' cats lived nine months in her house alone, while her mistress was on a trip to Europe. The cat was fed by a friend's gardener. "As warm weather came," says Miss Bridges, "he spent his days in the fields, returning in the night for his food, so that at my return it was two or three days before he discovered that the house was open. The third evening he entered the open door and looked wildly about for a moment; but when I put my hand on him, he suddenly recognized me and overwhelmed me with affectionate caresses. For two days and nights he would not allow me out of his sight, unable to eat or sleep unless I was close at hand, and following me from room to room and chair to chair. And people say that cats have no affection!"

Miss Frances Willard, who was a cat lover, too, was sometimes separated from her "Tootsie" for more than a year at a time, but neither time nor change had any effect upon "Tootsie." At the first sound of her voice he would spring to her side.

HE WAS CALLED "SUSAN"

IN *Our Dumb Animals* this story is told by Elizabeth B. Thomas: "Susan came to us as a tiny, fluffy bit of kitten-

hood, and from the very first was partial to brother, scorning the rest of the family completely. At meal-time Susan made a living neck-piece for my brother, lying across his shoulders. The cat seldom moved, merely purring in deep content, though the sight of an unusually toothsome piece of meat on a fork sometimes caused him to reach for it with a cautious seven-toed paw. On the whole, however, his table manners were above reproach. He always ate milk from a bowl by dipping his paw in and lapping it off, while he purred with a rumbling that could be heard all over the room. . . .

The year that Susan was eight, America entered the war and my brother was one of the first to enlist. The old cat seemed to realize and cried pitifully at his departure. He had never been without his beloved master before. For days he sat beside my brother's chair at the table, refusing food or comfort. The mention of his master's name set him to mewing and hunting over the house. Just one week after my brother's departure we found Susan sitting beside his chair, the sightless eyes still watching for the missing face. It is the only case of its kind that I have ever known, and so impressed my brother that he has never had another cat to replace the broken-hearted Susan."

INDIVIDUAL CATS

ALEXANDER

WHEN Alexander was young he distinguished himself by bringing live snakes into the drawing room. He was an enterprising cat and knew very well how to take care of himself. Any marks of favor given by him were much appreciated.

A stray cat was once adopted into the household for a short time. Lamentina was the name given to her. Alexander despised this cat, and although he did not really hurt her, he showed his inhospitality. Lamentina was not comfortable or happy. One day Alexander crouched at a little distance behind her as if he intended to pounce upon her. Lamentina evidently thought he meant to do so and showed signs of fear. Alexander gave a rush and jumped over Lamentina and then turned and laughed at her. His sense of humor was not any better than that of some human beings. Possibly if she had shown more courage and had entertained a better opinion of herself, Alexander might have accepted her as a playmate.

At one time an editor published in his paper letters from Alexander. Naturally the editor was anxious to meet the intelligent cat with whom he had corresponded. When he came to Alexander's home, was introduced and had stroked him, his touch was immediately licked off. "I am willing to contribute to your paper," said Alexander, "but when it comes to such a personal touch on my clean fur, I must be excused."

Alexander had a favorite chair in the living room. One day this was occupied by a member of the family. That was not pleasing to Alexander, who was ready to have a good sleep in

that particular place. However he evolved a plan. Knowing that the lady in the chair would rise if he began sharpening his claws on the velvet furniture, he started that performance, and at once Mrs. B. got up to stop him. As soon as the chair was vacant, Alexander rushed into it. It made one think of a game of chess, evidently he reasoned "If I do this, she will do that, and then I shall have the chair."

ALEXANDER PHOTOGRAPHED

ALEXANDER HAD his photograph taken so often, and found it so pleasant, that when he saw the camera he followed it. Once he posed on the back of a chair in exactly the right position and the one who fed him, petted him, and photographed him, went for the camera, but when she had focused him he got down. She tried again and again to get him back in the same position but finally she gave it up and went off and sat down. Whereupon Alexander immediately jumped on the back of the chair in the right position and stayed so long that the photographer took courage and tried again. The result may be seen in the frontispiece of this book.

Sometimes a way was found to get Alexander in the right pose. After placing him where he was wanted, perhaps with little pieces of meat or cake near he would be lifted down; whereupon he would jump up again to the same spot and stay longer than he otherwise would have done.

BROWNIE AND GOLDIE

BROWNIE WAS one of the most amiable and gentle of cats. His mistress was accustomed to take a nap after lunch, and Brownie would go with her. He always got in the same position

Individual Cats

on the bed, turning until he rested against her arm. Sometimes when she delayed going up stairs, he would start up himself, turn, and look for her to follow.

In the picture of Goldie and Brownie he is the one who is looking away, while Goldie is sleeping, resting his head against him. They were very good friends, and often slept together.

At one time a kitten was brought into the family, and Goldie was especially jealous and unhappy. One day, after handling the kitten, his mistress began to pet Goldie who, smelling her hands, and becoming aware that she had held the kitten, gave a wail of anger and disgust and jumped down. He refused to be number two.

KUNI

HE NEVER found out that he was a small cat. He felt equal to anything, and kept two larger cats in subjection. He was afraid of nothing, and would walk up a pathway and meet a crowd of persons and hold his place. He was very intelligent and original. One of his admirers used to say he was not a cat, he was a "person." He was a great hunter for mice. He lived to be fifteen years old and when almost too feeble to walk he would manage to reach the stone wall where he was accustomed to watch for mice. He was a beautiful cat and much admired.

TOBY AND TIMOTHY

TOBY AND Timothy were brought up together, but they were very different in character and not at all congenial. Toby was dignified and aristocratic and despised rough play. Timothy was aggressive and longed for excitement. Sometimes he would attack Toby, who would get behind the furniture if possible

Alexander and Some Other Cats

and avoid anything like a fight. They never fought very seriously, however, or really hurt each other. One day Toby had retreated behind a chair, but Timothy ran after him and was threatening him, and, I think, was using bad cat language. Miss B. made an effort to get Timothy away, but he turned on her and told her to mind her own business.

Now these cats had been brought up to expect something especially nice to eat when Miss B. whistled. Finding she could not influence Timothy, she went into another room and whistled. Immediately both cats ran to her, and the next moment the two little heads were close together, and they were eating a piece of cake.

S. J. E.

SILVER LADDIE KENDALL

SILVER LADDIE KENDALL was a cat with a pedigree. His father, "Jock o' Daybreak," was valued at \$1,000, but many thousands of dollars would not have bought Silver Laddie from his owner.

During the eleven years of his life he traveled extensively, going to Norway, Sweden and other places. He always accommodated himself to the changes of travel, having lived in more than eighty hotels and boarding houses.

He showed much affection and intelligence. He would go to those he loved and rub his head against their cheeks when they were in trouble; he seemed to realize their feelings and tried to express his sympathy.

TRIPP, A NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD CAT

THE FOLLOWING story of Tripp is written by his owner.

Tripp was found on the streets of Chicago nineteen years

Individual Cats

ago this April. He is a Manx cat,— has no tail, really just one little joint or nubbin. He is black and gray on back and sides, and buff colored on the under part of his body, and is beautifully marked.

As a young cat he was very bold and brave. He climbed roofs and trees — always later to be helped down; has chased dogs and ridden on their backs.

Years ago before he came to live with me he was quite wild, and I remember he was up on our roof for two days and could not get down. He cried and cried but all my attempts to rescue him failed until I went to the second floor of the house next door (the houses in Chicago are close together) and put a board from the window sill over to our roof. After much coaxing I persuaded the wild little thing to cross this narrow bridge to safety, and from then on he has had confidence in me.

Ten years ago we left Chicago and came to California. We left Tripp in the care of neighbors, because we did not know where we were going to live. After seven months in an apartment we found a bungalow and sent for Tripp and our furniture. This kind neighbor made Tripp the nicest little house, two rooms, one small and one larger, put straw in one room and a rug in the other, gave the train man canned milk and salmon for him to eat, although I doubt if poor Tripp had the heart to eat. And so he made the long journey out here alone by the Santa Fe railway.

When the expressman opened his little house, and let him out in the room in his new California home, he went directly to my mother and the man said without a doubt the cat recognized her.

However, he was terribly wild for a month or more; he would run and hide at the slightest noise, and we were afraid

to let him run loose for a month or two. He was ten years old when he made that long journey, not a young thing.

He almost seems to talk. He has a sort of little grunt and by means of different inflections no one could misunderstand, he can express satisfaction, or anger, and many degrees of feeling in between these two, interrogation, impatience,— all so human.

He knows if he goes to the door and asks to be let out that he will get immediate service; whereas if he sat in front of his plate asking for something to eat, he might not get attention until we had finished what we were doing or got ready to attend to him. So he frequently sits at the door apparently asking to go out, but when you get up and go to the door he immediately runs to his plate with one of his vocal inflections. Often if you talk to him he will answer back, then you say something more and he will answer two or three times. At one place where we lived, he would reach up and rattle the key in the door when he wanted to get out. Now he rattles the chain lock on the door. He can open a door if it is just swung to and not latched.

Tripp follows me around the house from room to room and out in the garden, and he will come and stand at my feet, looking up and mewing, saying as plainly as anything, "Pick me up please."

I have had no trouble with him in moving from one house to another. He seems perfectly contented wherever I am. He loves his catnip and adores being brushed.

FRIDAY

"WHEN FRIDAY joined our family we already had three cats, which in the city was two too many. He had strayed away

Individual Cats

from his home, as kittens often do, and had come to neighbors of ours who did not care for animals. The little girl brought him to us in a paper sack and asked if we wanted him. We emphatically did not. After trying unsuccessfully to get rid of him farther down the street, she turned him loose and tried to 'lose' him, but Friday wasn't going to lose the only connection he had with human protection so he ran as fast as his little legs would go, and just managed to keep her in sight. When he reached our steps and saw me standing there looking concerned, he promptly climbed the steps, and that was the end of my resolution not to take on any more pets. It seemed to me we could find room for one little cat until we could find a home for him; besides I was afraid he might be hungry and who was I to deny the mite it would take to feed a helpless kitten? A dish of warm bread and milk set him to purring and lapping both at the same time which combination threatened to choke him. After that he was satisfied if we were not.

His forlornness and the fact that it was a Friday when he appeared resulted in his being named 'Friday.' By the next day, so completely had he won us with his enterprising ways and his close resemblance to our beloved Buddy, recently dead of pneumonia, that we couldn't have been persuaded to part with him. And a handsome, intelligent fellow he turned out to be." Friday died when he was about two years old and his owner says: "Although we still have the two kittens, now grown, his going left a vacancy that no other pet can fill."

Vinètte Chalfant

THE GREEN VERDUGO HILLS

OF COURSE everybody who reads this poor blundering page knows how fond we are of cats. They are our favorite animal.

Alexander and Some Other Cats

We can never remember the time that we have not had a cat for a pet and a companion. For many years in the green Verdugo Hills our Yellow Cat was our counselor and guide. It was to him we looked for light, many and many a time, when we sat with him clothed in his yellow coat of wisdom, in our little high house in the hills.

And now that he is gone, and laid away in a quiet grave under the sheltering arms of trees that he loved, we miss him more than words can say.

And now comes Edward Ferguson who lives somewhere out in the movie country at Hollywood to back us up in our love and admiration for cats. "Since I can remember," says Brother Ferguson, "I have never known the time we were without a cat in the family. Never, in fact, without at least two, and at times as many as seven. Tom cats and pedigreed Persians, that, as kittens, cost as high as one hundred dollars. And further, I made pictures for two years with the big cats, lions, tigers, leopards, jaguars and panthers. So I know a little about cats. And among the things I know are the following: They have more natural dignity than any other animal, more sense than all other animals, with the possible exception of the dog, more courage, pound for pound, than any creature I know, and they possess more reasoning power than a goodly percentage of humans demonstrate in their entire lifetime. I could tell you tales of cats that you would scarcely believe — not tales I have heard, but things I have seen."

Then Brother Edward ends up his interesting letter with this kindly message:

"Our two cats, two dogs, two white rats, two ducks and the Chinchilla rabbit send you greetings; and the two kids send love."



A PLEASANT REFLECTION



MATERNAL CARES

Individual Cats

By gollies, this was most the nicest letter that we have pulled out of the mail sack for many a day. And we were wishing when we had read the letter through, that Edward Ferguson might stroll along just then to sit with us by the wood fire to talk to us the whole night long just about cats and nothing else.

John Steven McGroarty in "Los Angeles Times"

In Miss Winslow's book "Concerning Cats," we find the following story:

"Harriet Prescott Spofford's fondness for cats is well known. Of "Beauty Spot" she writes — "She would never sit in anyone's lap but mine, and in mine only when I sang; and then only when I sang 'The Last Rose of Summer.' This is really true. But she would spring into my husband's lap if he whistled. She would leave her sleep reluctantly, start a little way and retreat, start and retreat again, and then give one bound and light on his knee or his arm. She would reach up with one paw and push it repeatedly across his mouth like one playing the jew's-harp; I suppose to get at the sound. She always went to walk with us and followed us wherever we went about the island."

THOMAS ERASTUS

ONE OF the most interesting cats mentioned by Miss Winslow was one of her own cats, Thomas Erastus. She says of him: "He has the most remarkable ways. He will open every door in the house from inside; he will even open blinds, getting his paws under the fastening, and working patiently at it with his body on the blind itself, until the hook flies back and it finally opens.

Thomas has a really paternal air toward the rest of the family. One spring night, as usual on retiring, I went to the back door to call in the cats. Thomas Erastus was in my sister's room, but none of the others were to be seen; nor did they come at once, evidently having strayed in their play beyond the sound of my voice. Thomas, upstairs, heard my continued call and tried for some time to get out. M. had shut the door, thinking to keep in the one already safe. But the more I called, the more persistently determined he became to get out. At last M. opened her window and let him on the sloping roof of the "L," from which he could descend through a gnarled old apple tree. Meanwhile I left the back door and went on with my preparations for the night. It was a moonlight night and I saw six delinquent cats coming in a flock across the open field behind the house, all marshaled by Mr. Thomas. He evidently hunted them up and called them in himself; then sat on the back porch and waited until the last kit was safely in, before he stalked gravely in with an air which said as plainly as words: —

"There, it takes me to do anything with this family."

TOGO IS A WINNER

"TOGO" is an immense black cat without a single white hair to emphasize his black ones. Whether the crossing of one's path by a black cat brings bad luck or not is a debatable question, depending a great deal on the way one is brought up. Being a black cat, however, in the case of Togo, is a decided stroke of good luck, for he is the spoiled head of the household.

There is one chair in the living room of the Brown home, a cushioned chair, which is Togo's favorite place for an after-

Individual Cats

dinner nap. This chair is the property of Grandmother Brown, and she too, likes the chair better than any other in the house. When dinner is over, there is always a race between the two to see who will get the chair first.

The other day Togo entered the room and found Grandmother Brown seated comfortably in the bone of contention. He seemed to debate the matter for a moment, sitting on the floor directly in front of her, and regarding her fixedly. He then walked to the door, scratched on it, mewed, and looked around as if expecting her to come and let him out. Grandmother obligingly went to the door, opened it and looked down unsuspectingly. There was a scurry between her feet that almost tripped her. Looking around, she saw Togo leap into the chair she had left, curl himself up contentedly, and close his eyes, preparatory to taking a much needed sleep. Grandmother Brown says she is sure there was wicked joy in the one glance Togo gave her before his heavy eyelids drooped.

From "The Humane Pleader"

TABS

WHY do people keep cats? I put it categorically, as it were. Why do I maintain Tabs, who is long mainly on his shortcomings? Well, I believe I keep Tabs for the same reason that I keep a piece of bric-a-brac on the shelf or a piece of useless furniture in the parlor. He is one of the family treasures. Then, too, a cat lends such an air of domesticity to a dwelling. A cat, purring on the hearth, is a sign of peace and contentment there. A house without a cat is like a house without children. The inhabitants may appear to get along reasonably well, but one hundred per cent bliss is not there. A dog on the front porch is

often a sign to keep away; a large fat tabby purring there is an invitation to come in. In large measure a cat is an index of the hospitality of a home; an inhospitable family seldom maintains one.

So I continue to maintain Tabs, the last of a long line and not remarkable for beauty or talent; and on him the family affections are centered. He is a perfectly useless piece of furniture, but he has a comfortable look and somehow his presence seems to invest the house with a peculiar sense of peace. When I see Tabs stretched out before the evening fire, dozing, and gently purring, I feel that all's well with the world. Although he is only a cat, solemn, self-centered, independent, receiving rather more than he returns, still he is one of the family circle. Around him somehow, the heart strings have become knotted, and they are very, very tender.

Horace Jewett Fenton in "Our Dumb Animals"

MISS WILLARD'S ARISTOCRATIC PET

FRANCES WILLARD, FOUNDER of the World's Christian Temperance Union, was a lover of animals, and had a beautiful cat whose name was "Tootsie." He was a magnificent Angora, weighing twenty-four pounds. An aristocrat was Tootsie, the cherished pet of a famous woman. But Tootsie became famous in his own right, for he is known as the cat who raised \$2,000 for the temperance cause.

To "Rest Cottage," — the Willard home at Evanston, Illinois, Tootsie went when only a kitten, and there he lived for some time, the pet of the household. He was a privileged character, even eating at the table with the family. He had his own chair and bib and his manners were said to be quite perfect.

Individual Cats

It was easy to notice his aristocratic and aesthetic tastes. He had the large full eyes of the thoroughbred, the superb curling tail and the long silky hair with the frill, or Lord Mayor's chain.

Finally Miss Willard's work took her abroad much of her time. When she was ready to go she took Tootsie in her arms and carried him to the Drexel Kennels in Chicago, and asked their owner to admit him as one of her large cat family. The kennels finally became his home; but he seemed endowed with the human quality of memory, for he never forgot his friends at Rest Cottage. No matter how long they stayed away, he always went to them, at once, and gave them an affectionate recognition.

Often Miss Willard was away for more than a year at a time, but neither time nor change caused Tootsie to forget. As soon as he heard her voice he would run to her and climb upon her in great joy.

Hetty Rogers in "Our Dumb Animals"

Tom

MANY BRAVE and wise men, poets, heroes, and statesmen, have preferred cats to dogs as comrades. Cardinal Wolsey, when Lord Chancellor of England, always had his favourite cat sitting on a chair beside him, while he held his audiences. Tasso, the Italian poet, addressed one of his most charming sonnets to his cat, and our English poet Cowper often wrote of them.

The celebrated traveller, Sir Emerson Tennant, had a "Tom," who was almost like a child of the house. Tom was a splendid silky fellow, jet black, with magnificent whiskers and a finely shaped head, which he carried in a fearless, upright manner. He had a head upon his shoulders, figuratively as well

as literally, for he was far too wise a cat to make a fuss about any such trifle as a railway journey.

It is the greatest possible mistake to fancy that domestic cats "like places better than people." They do so only when they have had no particular notice taken of them by any particular person, and thus have formed no special attachment. We ourselves should learn to grow fond of the rooms in which we have always lived, if we had nothing better to love, and, indeed, lonely people often do this.

Every summer as the time drew near for his master's family to travel away for their seaside holiday, Tom exhibited a remarkable uneasiness, restlessly straying into empty rooms, examining boxes, running to the front door at the servant's heels, and taking an interest in all cabs.

Once or twice he even had to be caught and brought back from one of these vehicles, into which he had jumped under the impression that his human belongings were going away in it, while he would be left behind. At last Tom's hamper was brought out and then his mind was at rest.

He then knew he was going to accompany the party, and strutted gravely round and round his basket, while seriously consulting the standers-by with his large intelligent eyes. . . .

Tom never broke anything in his life, though he was very inquisitive about new things, and would jump upon the tables laden with costly crockery, glass and ornaments, picking his way carefully to smell at any fresh article placed there. His mistress would smile while Tom thus seemed to endanger her treasures, and say, "We never frighten him, he does no harm."

There lies the grand secret of managing puss, of teaching him and making the best of his fine nature. We must never

THE CHALLENGE



“WHO ARE YOU?”





SURPRISE

Individual Cats

frighten him. Those who make puss afraid, make him timid, cautious, sly, and unloving. And then they blame the cat, instead of blaming themselves.

In proportion as puss is treated well or ill, she becomes either crafty or frank. She is a timid animal, but timidity is not a vice; it merely shows a sensitive temperament. To be sensitive is often the sign of a high, not of a low nature; and to treat timid creatures roughly, is to make them cowardly and cringing, not noble and trustworthy.

Edith Carrington in "Friendship of Animals"

AGRIPPINA

AGRIPPINA'S BEAUTIFULLY ringed tail flapping across my copy distracts my attention and imperils the neatness of my penmanship. Even when she is disposed to be affable, turns the light of her countenance upon me, watches with attentive curiosity every stroke I make, and softly, with curved paw, pats my pen as it travels over the paper, even in these halcyon moments, though my self-love is flattered by her condescension, I am aware that I should work better and more rapidly if I denied myself her charming companionship. . . .

As for curiosity, that vice which the Abbe Galiani held to be unknown to animals, but which the more astute Voltaire detected in every little dog that he saw peering out of the window of its master's coach, it is the ruling passion of the feline breast. A closet door left ajar, a box with half-closed lid, an open bureau drawer,—these are the objects that fill a cat with the liveliest interest and delight. Agrippina watches breathlessly the unfastening of a parcel, and tries to hasten matters by clutching actively at the string. When its contents are shown

Alexander and Some Other Cats

to her, she examines them gravely, and then, with a sigh of relief, settles down to repose. . . .

How many times have I rested tired eyes on her graceful little body, curled up in a ball and wrapped round with her tail like a parcel; or stretched out luxuriously on my bed, one paw covering her face, the other curved gently inwards, as though clasping an invisible treasure. Asleep or awake, in rest, in motion, grave or gay, Agrippina is always beautiful; and it is better to be beautiful than to fetch and carry from the rising to the setting of the sun.

Oh, you who strive to relieve your overwrought nerves and cultivate power through repose, watch the exquisite languor of a drowsy cat and despair of imitating such perfect and restful grace. There is a gradual yielding of every muscle to the soft persuasiveness of slumber: the flexible frame is curved into tender lines, the head nestles lower, the paws are tucked out of sight; no convulsive throb or start betrays a rebellious alertness; only a faint quiver of unconscious satisfaction, a faint heaving of the tawny sides, a faint gleam of the half-shut yellow eyes, and Agrippina is asleep. I look at her for one wistful moment and then turn resolutely to my work. It were ignoble to wish myself in her place; and yet how charming to be able to settle down to a nap *sans peur et sans reproche* at ten o'clock in the morning.

Agnes Repplier

FROM "AS I LIKE IT"

I AM glad to add another bookshop to the rapidly increasing list of those worthy of the name, those conducted by intelligent and highly educated experts. This latest one to reach my attention is "The Medical Standard Book Company," in Baltimore,

Individual Cats

which despite its name, sells “ every kind of book.” One of the staff writes me: “ The presiding genius is a large, entirely black cat, named Cicero; a wise old cat worthy of the name in every thing except loquacity, which I believe is contrary to cat nature. Cicero has always been a favorite with the customers as well as with the staff, and the only difficulty has been in restraining his propensity to pick out a table of special editions or other expensive volumes for his afternoon nap. Cicero has a practical value too; for the rats give the place a wide berth here, and we never have any volumes gnawed to plug the chinks of a rat-nest, as Hamlet might say.”

W. L. Phelps, in “ Scribner’s Magazine”

MEPHISTO

THE WRITER, George Dawson, tells of his cat “ Mephisto,” “ the super-cat, who thinks.” He says: “ One day the world will begin to realize that there is a big untapped source of intelligence and usefulness in the quiet, unassuming species which Man long ago condemned to the uneuphemistic name of Cat. I have a Tom who has convinced me in a hundred little ways that he is a super-cat, who not only understands what is passing around him, but thinks for himself and never acts without reason. . . .”

He says that Mephisto was only a kitten when he first appeared in a coal cellar, “ but he thrust one paw against the cellar door, forced it open, and walked towards me with a sedateness inherited from ancestry which had its beginning in prehistoric times, before Man was a civilized being.

His nursery days ended quickly, and at the mature age of three months, proudly bearing the name of Mephistopheles,

he was installed as office 'boy' and cat-of-all-work in a city office, to the conditions of which he adapted himself with remarkable ease and success.

Within the first few days, I had evidence that he was taking a keen and intelligent interest in things, and remarked that he surpassed the average office boy, in that he never made a miscalculation or error of judgment. He seemed to have an uncanny kind of sixth sense, taking in all one had to say before there was time to speak it; grasping, as though by mental telepathy or thought transference, just what one wanted to convey. This happens so often that it lends support to the idea that the animal world has some means of communication, a sort of natural universal language, which is outside the knowledge of experience of humans, and that they can perceive what people mean without the vehicle of speech.

Anyway, Mephisto has been with me for more than twelve months, and all my friends agree that he is a remarkable cat.

When he first heard the telephone bell ringing, he pricked up his ears, rose, and walked up to the instrument, nosed all around it, and cocked one ear against it, for all the world as though he knew something would be spoken through it."

Mr. Dawson says that cameras occupy a lot of space in his studio and Mephisto finds them full of immense possibilities. "He tries to grip the bulb of the instantaneous shutter, sprawls across the rear of the camera, and has even gone to the length of mounting the tripod to take up a position in mimicry of a photographer. Perhaps he is waiting for the right subject to come along, and then one will have an exclusive picture of a unique character.

It really does seem that Mephisto has a mechanical turn of

Individual Cats

mind, because one of the other things which command his attention and respect is the typewriter. I have caught him unawares with his paw tentatively suspended over the keys, and once or twice I have entered quietly to find him sitting in front of the machine, with one paw on a key, and gazing meditatively at the board.

Mere door opening and closing is a play game to Mephisto. He does that almost hourly. And he has a strange power of divining the identity of visitors. From behind three closed doors he will ascertain that someone is coming, prick up his ears, and stiffen his back if it is a stranger, or rush frantically to greet a friend, on whose shoulder he will perch caressingly. And he knows that the visitor is approaching long before I do in the ordinary way.

Sometimes, when I have been looking at Mephisto when he has been asleep, he has seemed to come under some kind of mental control. Almost as though hypnotized, he has got up and come to me without a word spoken, apparently from complete slumber.

I firmly believe that what a cat does not know in the way of worldly wisdom is not worth knowing. There is something almost supernatural about the species. Long ago I ceased to wonder at the attitude of the ancient Egyptians in choosing a cat as a sacred symbol. There is something occult about the cat, something which seems to have survived a previous age.

The day may not be far distant when, properly trained and developed, super-cats may render important service to mankind.

Meanwhile, Mephisto, my super-cat, like others of his tribe, is a loyal, faithful and devoted friend, who will follow me anywhere at any time, can always be depended upon to wait

for one's homecoming, however late that may be, and who never complains or makes unkind remarks."

"*The Animal's Friend*"

FLUFFY

THE FOLLOWING story about a "blue" Persian cat that she had for years was told by Miss Azalea Clizbee:—

"He was always very shy of strangers, and especially of men, but loved my father very devotedly. He was about ten years old, but not at all "aged"; very lively and very healthy; but when my father was taken with his last illness, Fluffy was much disturbed, and when Father went to the hospital, the cat refused to eat, and never did eat again. Father lived a month, and the cat got thinner and weaker, but we could do nothing with him. The night Father died, Fluffy paced up and down a long bunk in which we had put him, because he was too weak to get around, and he cried all the night until the hour of Father's passing, although we were at the time a hundred miles away and did not know, except by mental telepathy, that he *was* passing on—did not know until the next morning at eight o'clock. We brought Fluffy into town with us, and took him to the cat hospital, where they tried forcible feeding; but to no avail. He died a few days later, having starved himself to death voluntarily. The veterinary told us that he had known of other instances of cats committing suicide in this way, and an autopsy proved that there was absolutely nothing the matter with him.

Of another cat, a beautiful big orange and white Persian, "Bobbie," Miss Clizbee says:—"He is about seven years old—or will be seven in a couple of months. He knows everything

Individual Cats

that we say to him and answers in his own language quite clearly. My sister is alone with him most of the time, and, having no one else to talk to, she talks to him, so that he has become accustomed to speech and understands it all. If we tell him we shall have roast chicken for dinner, he will not eat his raw beef, preferring to wait for the treat. Each year he goes to the country for the summer and when the time comes and the trunks are brought up for packing, he knows what it means. Usually we take him out in the motor car and though he fusses a bit about getting in, he takes it pretty philosophically, in the main, and he knows the instant we get to the country house. At other stops along the road, he will look around and complain, perhaps; but *there*, when he finally reaches *home*, he is up and out at once, looks around to see that things are just the same as he left them, and is perfectly happy. He is terribly afraid of cars, but *never* of his own. When a strange car drives into the yard he hides on the instant; but when our car comes in, he comes to the door to meet it. How he knows the difference between one Ford and another, is a mystery, but Bob certainly does. Also he knows the difference between men *visitors*, guests and friends,— and men *workers*. The latter send him into abject terror and hiding, but the former he comes to greet, along with his mistress, without a sign of fear. In town, we live in an apartment, and he deigns to honor the iceman with his presence, because he knows that the iceman's visit is part of the day's work, and that in a way he "belongs"; but no other strange man ever sees him. If my sister does not answer a bell, and the *right* bell at that, at once, he is much concerned, and he knows the difference between the telephone, the service doorbell and the front hall bell, when we cannot always distinguish ourselves."

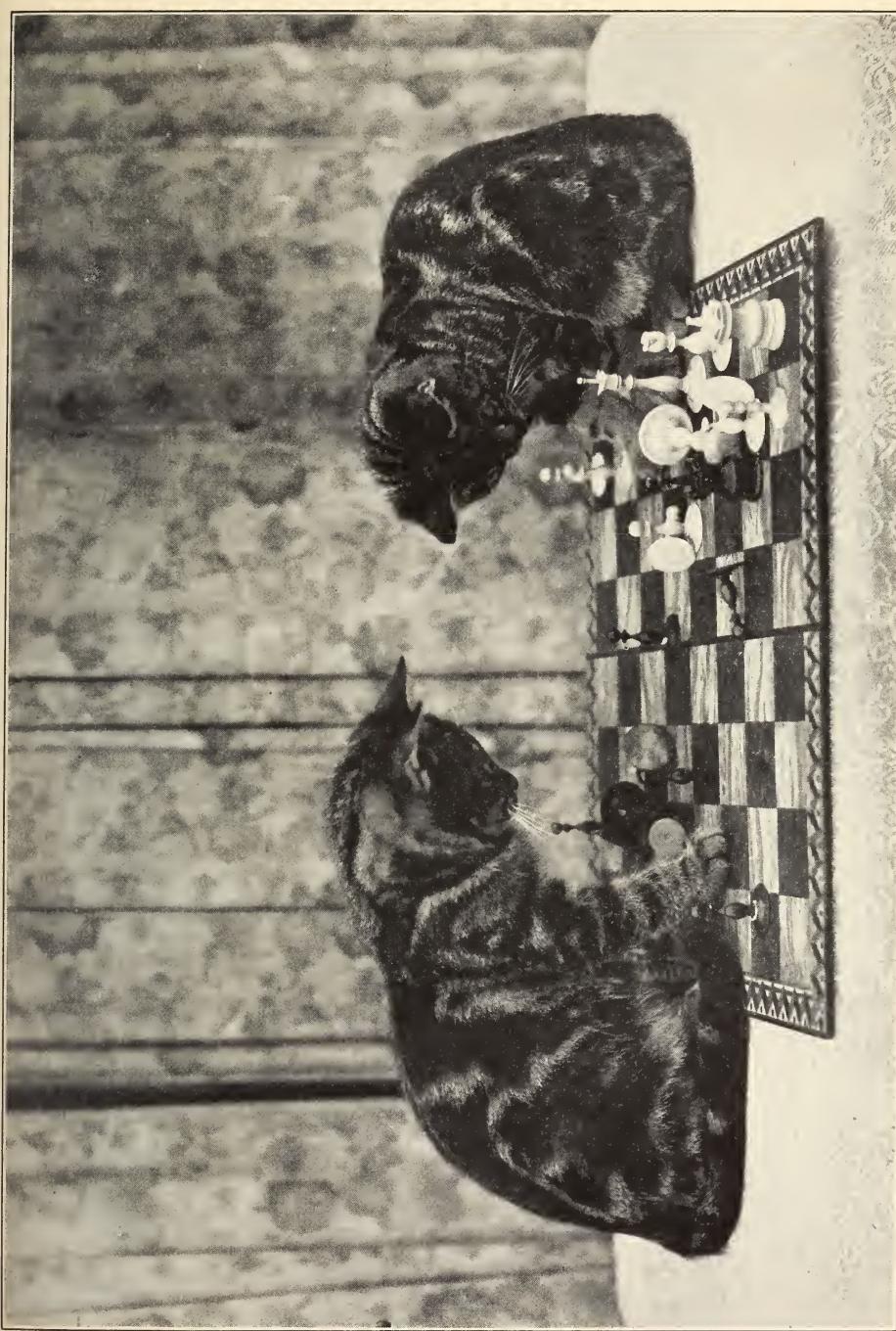
Another cat, when they were living on the fifth floor of an apartment house, always knew when Miss Clizbee's mother entered the street door, four flights of stairs down. He would jump down and run to the door calling to her long before she could even be heard on the stairs. He lived to be fourteen years old, and weighed over twenty-five pounds.

BIALKA

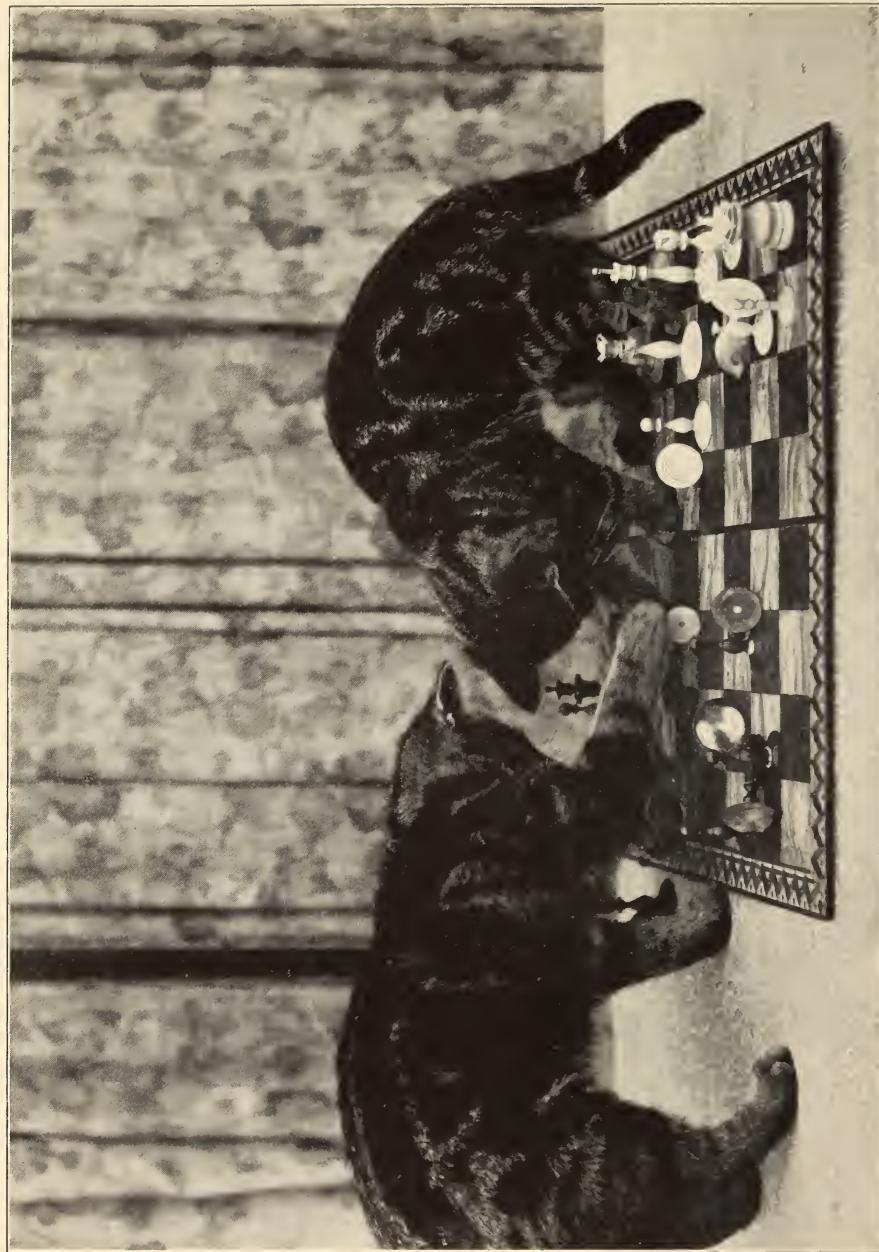
A Character Study

BIALKA, our snow-white cat, was long of body, with soft silken fur and fluffy tail. She had one eye of blue and one of grey-green, like two jewels in beauty, but oh! so vastly more whenever she was trying to make you understand; for in the main she was inarticulate. Seldom did she either mew or purr; rather through her eyes and through the outstretching of her front paws did she command attention. Her head was delicate and tapering, matching the graceful slenderness of her body. She had a nervous system so sensitive and alert that she responded to every noise, even afar off, if it were to have bearing upon her immediate environment. She observed also the psychological changes in that environment. Bialka, our snow-white cat; how she wrapped herself around our affections; how she won our attention, our patience and forgiveness; and with what infinite tenderness we hold her in memory.

“Bialka” is a Russian name for white. She was given to us by Russian folk when still almost too young to leave her mama. She was at that time a flash of white light, now here, now there. Nothing remained quiet in her vicinity. If there was no moving thing about, she made things move, and whatever moved, either big or little, seemed to hold no terror for her.



CHESSE — THE PROBLEM



CHESS — THE MOVE

Individual Cats

Evenings, Bialka would hide in ambush among the lacy mass of blue bachelor buttons, growing by the water pool in the narrow strip between the house and the outer walk. A large tree with foliage that touched the ground, obscured the sight of approaching persons but not the sound. With the first sound, Bialka would crouch to leap forward at the proper moment, standing up on her hind legs as if to grasp the knees of the passer by; but before their astonishment gave way to action she was dashing out of sight, neither having touched them, nor allowing herself to be touched. Many grew accustomed to pass frequently by our house, so that by chance they might watch Bialka at her play.

Bialka was always artistic, always self-sufficient, always aloof. Her long tail she held in a curled position like a little pig's. Having long hair and being semi-bushy, (she was only part Persian), it added decidedly to her picturesqueness. It almost seemed that she knew exactly what setting to choose for herself, the better to enhance her own loveliness. And always it was required of you to stand by and admire; only just so far you might go, whether friend or stranger. You might persuade her to sit on your lap for a while, but it was merely endurance on her part. The usual petting that other cats seem to absorb without limit, meant nothing to her. She has spent hours lying down beside me and moving from one room to another to be with me, but she did not wish to be touched. And she slept whenever we allowed it, at the foot of our bed. Were you a stranger to her and did you not approach her with due regard for her individuality, she would have nothing to do with you. The preliminaries for acquaintance must always be observed, if an advance was not to be taken as an encroachment.

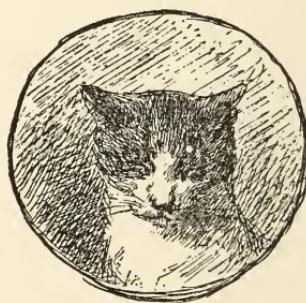
Alexander and Some Other Cats

Although she always went through the usual manoeuver of hunting a hiding place for her kittens, I do not believe she would ever choose herself to go through with it alone, if I were about. One time there was company. She came a number of times upon my lap and reached up into my face with her paw. Finally she took my thumb into her mouth and tried to drag me away. The last time the crisis came in the middle of the night. She sat outside of our door and scratched upon it until I got up. She went straight over to her basket, apparently quite content for me simply to be there. It may seem far fetched to say that it was sympathy and companionship she wanted at these times, but I never gave her any actual assistance.

At times I have seen her as dominant and unreasonable, as insistent and stubborn, as any child could be.

In following her moods and watching her reactions, I have come to the conclusion that animals are far closer to man in their feelings and understanding, and in the possession of distinct individualities than most of us ever suspect.

Grace Cleone Storm



ALEXANDER

CAT AND DOG STORIES

DOG FINDS HIS FRIEND

A WOMAN in a city in Ohio tells a very interesting story of how she learned from her dog a humane lesson which she says will stay by her during her entire life.

The dog for some time was the only pet in the family, but owing to the infringement of rats and mice upon the place, they decided to add a cat to the household. Like many other people who have not learned to consider the value of a cat from many standpoints, as soon as her work was done the woman decided she was of no further use, and was somewhat of a nuisance. She therefore insisted that her husband should carry the cat away to a remote section of the city and drop it, leaving it to find a home for itself, and trusting that some heart would be kinder than hers.

Her insistence brought about the desired result. The dog, who at first had not been in sympathy with the addition of a cat to the family circle, had later become much attached to her and seemed to miss her. Later in the year when winter had set in, the woman was one day sitting at her window, sewing. It had been snowing hard throughout the day, and she looked out upon a world of trackless white. In the distance she saw the dog floundering through the snow with something in his mouth. When he reached the gate she discovered that it was a cat, and at the threshold that it was the puss which she had abandoned. The dog had brought the cat safely home, carrying it well up out of the snow, without injury. Whether he found it on its way home, or whether he had searched until he

Alexander and Some Other Cats

found it at the place where it had been dropped, is not known. He could not tell, but the wagging of his tail was expressive of his satisfaction in having found his old friend.

A CAT AND DOG TALE

A MANX cat who lived in the same family with a fox terrier, developed a great affection for him. On one occasion the dog, who was seated in a lady's lap, vented his feelings in a long, low whine or howl. The cat, who was on the hearth rug, looked at the dog with a sympathetic expression, and at last, apparently unable to listen to his weeping any longer, jumped upon the lady's knees, put her paws around the dog's neck and kissed his cheek with her lips. This occurred twice, the dog the second time responding by licking her back in the tenderest manner.

“The Spectator”

THE PUPPY FINDS A FRIEND

A PUPPY was brought to a home where a big Angora cat had been a pet for five years. Everyone expected trouble. The two were introduced. Bob, the cat, jumped on a chair and watched the puppy, interested but apparently neither afraid nor displeased. Later, when the puppy was asleep, Bob walked up to him, seemingly quite anxious to know just what it was. In a few days he had quite adopted the little fellow and now is devoted to him.

They play together, run for the same ball, roll on the floor, and sit for hours on the window seat looking out. When the puppy is scolded for some puppy mischief, Bob is at once on the scene, pushes himself between the person and the little dog, and licks the puppy very gently to express his sympathy.

A. E. K.

A "RECONSTRUCTED CAT"

I HAVE a cat who early developed a bad disposition. She would scratch and bite, as the old verses say, because "she delighted to." I have two dogs who were both very shy of her. Suddenly a great change came over her, and she became very gentle and affectionate, and a most devoted mother. Her kittens being in the stable, she brought one through the window and laid it down at the feet of my large dog "Carlo." After a while she brought another and laid it beside "Muff," a small terrier dog, seeming to feel that they would be well cared for. As she has since brought them in at every opportunity, "Muff" will not leave the room, and takes charge of them during her absence. Often you will see the cat, dog and three kittens playing together in one chair. At night she regularly retires to her bed in the stable. Can you account for this sudden conversion?

From "Our Dumb Animals" M. E. H.

THE DOG LAUGHED

THE PROPRIETOR of a Third Avenue store owns a little black kitten that has a habit of squatting on its haunches, like a bear or a kangaroo, and then sparring with its fore paws as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist.

A gentleman took into the store the other evening an enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, half collie, fat, good-natured and intelligent. The tiny black kitten, instead of bolting at once for shelter, retreated a few paces, sat erect on its hind legs, and "put its fists" in an attitude of defiance. The contrast in size between the two was intensely amusing. It reminded one of Jack the Giant Killer preparing to demolish a giant.

Alexander and Some Other Cats

Slowly and without a sign of excitability the huge dog walked as far as his chain would allow him, and gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture. Then, as the comicality of the situation struck him, he turned his head and shoulders around to the spectators, and if an animal ever laughed in the world, that dog assuredly did so, then and there. He neither barked nor growled, but indulged in a low chuckle, while his eyes and mouth beamed with merriment.

New York "Telegram"

PUSS HELPS A DOG FRIEND TO A DINNER

“I HAD,” says Mr. Wenzel, “a cat and dog who became so attached to each other, that they would never willingly be asunder. Whenever the dog got any choice morsel of food, he was sure to divide it with his whiskered friend. They always ate sociably out of one plate, slept in the same bed, and daily walked out together. Wishing to put this apparently sincere friendship to the proof, I, one day, took the cat by herself into my room, while I had the dog guarded in another apartment. I entertained the cat in a most sumptuous manner, being desirous to see what sort of a meal she would make without her friend, who had hitherto been her constant table companion. The cat enjoyed the treat with great glee, and seemed to have entirely forgotten the dog. I had had a partridge for dinner, half of which I intended to keep for supper. My wife covered it with a plate, and put it into a cupboard, the door of which she did not lock. The cat left the room, and I walked out upon business. My wife, meanwhile, sat at work in an adjoining apartment.

“When I returned home, she related to me the following circumstances: The cat, having hastily left the dining room,



FAST ASLEEP



AMONG THE ANTIQUE TREASURES



ALEXANDER

Cat and Dog Stories

went to the dog, and mewed uncommonly loud, and in different tones of voice, which the dog, from time to time, answered with a short bark. They then went both to the door of the room where the cat had dined, and waited till it was opened. One of my children opened the door, and immediately the two friends entered the apartment. The mewing of the cat excited my wife's attention. She rose from her seat, and stepped softly up to the door, which stood ajar, to observe what was going on. The cat led the dog to the cupboard which contained the partridge, pushed off the plate which covered it, and, taking out my intended supper, laid it before her canine friend, who devoured it greedily. Probably the cat by her mewing had given the dog to understand what an excellent meal she had made, and how sorry she was that he had not participated in it; but, at the same time, had given him to understand that something was left for him in the cupboard, and persuaded him to follow her thither. Since that time I have paid particular attention to these animals, and am perfectly convinced that they communicate to each other whatever seems interesting to either."

"Anecdotes of the Animal Kingdom"

SCOTCH COLLIE RESCUES ITS FRIEND

A KITTEN and collie are playmates, living together in peace and harmony most of the time, with only occasional differences of opinion. These differences were forgotten one day when Kitty, basking in the warm sunshine before her doorway, was made the object of attack by a strange dog who had somehow slipped up unseen.

Caught unaware, Kitty was trapped in the corner of the step. Fighting valiantly, making every claw count, she was however fast losing ground, when Bonnie, the collie, released

from the house by its worried mistress, shot across the step and knocked the smaller dog to the ground, escorting it with little ceremony to the nearest street corner, later returning to stand guard beneath the tree in which kitty had taken refuge in the respite this afforded.

PROFITING BY A GOOD EXAMPLE

THE FOLLOWING story showing how a dog learned to wash his face from a friendly cat is told by Miss Helen M. Winslow.

“ Larrie, our wonderful collie, was early taught that the cats were his especial property, to be loved and protected by him. Consequently they loved and considered him their faithful guardian and were his devoted admirers. One cat, especially, used to wash Larrie’s face, lapping the soft hair in a way that seemed to appeal to his sense of comfort. After a few years this cat died and was duly mourned by her canine friend. Evidently he missed her ministrations too, for after a little, he seemed to recall her face washings, and also how she cleaned her own; and it was not long before he began to lick his own paws and then rub them over his face exactly as the cats do; and all the rest of his life he washed his own face daily *à la chat.*”

CORRECTLY ANSWERED

A LADY inserted the following in a newspaper: “ Wanted; a companion for a lady; a total abstainer, must be cleanly in her habits, and must know a little about nursing. Comfortable home; no salary.”

A few days later she received by rail a basket containing a tabby cat, with a ticket round its neck saying:

“ In reply to your advertisement I recommend bearer. She

Cat and Dog Stories

is a total abstainer, cleanly in her habits, and knows a little of nursing, having brought up a large family. She will be pleased to accept a comfortable home and requires no salary."

"Boston Post"

CAT ADDS ATMOSPHERE

Mission Inn, Riverside, Would Not Be the Same Without Historic Figure

. . . "I HAVE often written about the figure of a cat that occupies a corner in the patio of the Mission Inn, and has as great an attraction for me as John Steven McGroarty's has for him. Normandy travelers recognize the gable where this cat prowls as a replica of the inn of William the Conqueror at Dives, Normandy, where F. Hopkinson Smith wrote the story, "The Arm Chair at the Inn." The figure is a common one on buildings in that country; he certainly prowls over this roof right royally. The inn is a very noted one, unique the world over, and, at one time and another has housed half the noted men of Europe, rulers, sculptors, writers, artists and social butterflies. On the wall in the lobby, between the two entrances to the music room, hangs a painting of this inn by Hopkinson Smith, that remarkable man who was author, artist and bridge-builder, and a success in all. A very genial, unpretentious man, as I recall him at the O'Brien studios in Chicago.

Meanwhile, the cat looks down complacently on the crowds dining or lunching in the patio, knowing that they will yield to the restful atmosphere and begin to say to themselves and the cat, 'Why hurry? The cat knows.'

Gussie Packard Dubois

TIMOTHY GOODSPEED

TIMOTHY GOODSPEED, THE MISSIONARY

AN EXPERIMENT

AN ARTIST once painted a picture of a large yellow cat and gave it the name "Timothy Goodspeed." The countenance of the cat expressed intelligence and contentment. Accompanying the picture was a list of instructions, purporting to emanate from Timothy, which, if followed, would make for the comfort and happiness of all members of the cat family.

The missionary work done by Timothy Goodspeed for the good of his own kind is almost incredible. Ten replicas of his portrait have gone to different sections of the country, and wherever exhibited they have aroused enthusiasm, not only among children, but among their elders as well. The teacher sent with him several excellent leaflets about caring for cats, and some pretty stories that had been cut from *Our Dumb Animals*. Care was taken to enclose three or four articles about the necessity of humane education. The exhibit was completed by four Perry pictures of cats and cat-families, neatly framed.

A letter from a city in Alabama reports that "Timothy Goodspeed has made a visit to the West End School of this city where he met about 470 under-privileged cotton-mill children." One of the teachers from the school sent letters from her pupils from which we quote the following:

"We all liked the painted Picture of Timmie, the cat, and I want to thank you for painting and lending it to us. We put it up and looked at it from far off in the back of the room.

Alexander and Some Other Cats

I have fed many stray cats since then, and hope to feed many more."

"I surely do appreciate your kindness. When my teacher brought Timmie into the room I like to had a fit. I like all animals."

"I surely do like the cat named Timothy that you painted. It surely is very beautiful. I thank you very much for painting the cat for us. It looks like a real kitty away from it. Timothy is the kind I like. I know that everyone loves your picture."

"Our class surely did enjoy the picture of your beautiful cat and the wonderful stories about cats. I like cats, I have a pet cat at home. His name is Tom. He likes to play with dogs. We once had a dog and his name was Sport. He and Tom were great pals; they played with one another all the time. They never did fuss or fight. I like cats and dogs, and very sure everyone should."

COPY OF PART OF A LETTER FROM A CITY IN PENNSYLVANIA

THE two pictures of "Timothy Goodspeed," which you sent me, were shown in the schools of over 30 cities, towns and villages, to approximately 16,066 children, of all grades, including one State Normal School Junior Class.

Much interest was shown everywhere by the children and the teachers, and in some of the schools, the children afterwards wrote compositions on the subject.

After each talk to the children, at the time the picture of "Timothy Goodspeed" was shown, each child in the higher grades was given a leaflet about cats, and told to read it carefully, take it home and read it to his parents, and then pass it on to someone else to read. In some schools, "Kindness Clubs" were organized, and children could win a "star" on



KUNI, KITO AND THEIR MOTHER



GOLDIE AND BROWNIE



Toby

Timothy Goodspeed

their report card by a kind deed, ten stars entitling the child to a "Band of Mercy" gold badge.

During "Be Kind To Animals Week," a picture of "Timothy Goodspeed" and the card of instructions about cats, was hung in the Assembly Hall of the Boy Scouts Headquarters, and leaflets on cats were given to the head Scout Master, to be given out to the different Scout Troops throughout the country. Another picture was placed in the window of a leading merchant on one of the principal streets in the city of Reading, and crowds collected, during the day and evening, the entire week, to look at the picture and read what "Timothy" had to say. The picture was illuminated at night, and made quite a striking display.

And here is a characteristic letter from a little schoolboy in California which shows incidentally that Timothy has already crossed the Pacific to Australia.

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Dear Miss —

Mrs. Allen, my teacher, received a letter from Australia asking us children to tell them about Pasadena and that they would tell us about Australia.

So we made a book, putting in pictures of our city hall, library and post office; we pressed California poppies and other flowers.

Miss — painted a picture of a beautiful yellow cat for our book, his name was Timothy Goodspeed. The teacher had the biggest smile she had all day when she saw the cat. The children all liked him. I liked him, too.

Love from

Johnny

These are the instructions that accompany the picture of Timothy. It would be a pleasant thing if everyone would read them — and follow them in all his relations with cats.

MY NAME IS TIMOTHY GOODSPEED (SPEED THE GOOD)
I HAVE COME TO TELL YOU SOME THINGS CATS LIKE

FIRST of all — we want to be taken up carefully — when you lift a cat place one hand under the fore legs and at the same time lift the hind legs with the other hand. That is the right way.

We like to be brushed and stroked gently — always the right way of the fur. We need to be brushed often. Every day is not too often.

We do not like to have you touch our whiskers. They are very sensitive. They are very useful; when we are in the dark we can feel if anything is in the way as we walk.

Please do not forget to feed us regularly. Good, fresh meat cut up fine — cooked fish with all the bones taken out — different kinds of vegetables and cereals. We like to have plenty of milk and a dish of fresh water where we can always get it. We like to have our dishes kept very clean. Grass is good for us and a little catnip is a great treat.

Please do not put a ribbon or collar on cats. They love to climb and might get caught in a branch and badly hurt.

It is better to keep cats in at night. They like a nice, warm place to sleep out of a draught. A box or basket with a cushion makes a good bed, it should be covered with a clean cloth.

If you do all these things your cats will be well and happy, and if you are always kind and gentle with them they will love you very much, and become more interesting and intelligent.

WHY WE NEED CATS

A PLEA FOR THE CAT

IN A recent radio talk, Dr. Hugh F. Dailey, chief veterinarian of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, Boston, said in part:

"In our last broadcast I mentioned the fact that people either are extremely fond of cats or cannot tolerate them. We received many letters from those who were fond of them and a few from those who cannot tolerate them. One of the latter letters contained a pamphlet entitled, *The Menace of the Cat*. In reading through this pamphlet we find the cat is blamed for upsetting nature's bird balance. We also read that the cat is unnecessary as a rodent destroyer because the various kinds of non-poisonous rat virus on the market at the present time do the work effectively.

We have too much respect for the cat, and know its habits too well, to accept any such statement that the cat alone upsets the balance of nature insofar as birds are concerned. It is shamefully unfair to make such a sweeping statement about the cat, and not to include the birds of prey, the owls, hawks, and those birds not generally classed as birds of prey, such as the crows, jays, and starlings, who continually destroy the eggs and young of so many of our smaller birds. Add to this list the squirrels, snakes, skunks, raccoons, weasels and foxes, and the spraying of trees with arsenical insecticides, and the resurfacing of our roads with tarry dressings. The last may seem a little far-fetched, but only last summer we had fully fifty little birds brought

in during one afternoon, victims of this road dressing. They light upon the apparently sandy surface; their little feet sink through into the tar, and they are held prisoners. In their efforts to free themselves they become encased in a coating of sand and tar that causes certain death.

Now, I hope we have a better idea of what really enters the upsetting of nature's bird balance. Divide the blame properly, and we find that the cat's share is not so great, after all. From careful, personal observation over a number of years, I have found that those birds which usually fall victims of the cat are weaklings or injured birds that never would be able to take care of themselves under the existing conditions, and if the cat did not appear on the scene to quickly end their sufferings they would eventually die of thirst and starvation. Which do you think the more merciful? I really believe the cat is only doing what nature intended she should, in obeying the law that only the fit shall survive.

Many of you who have made a close study of cats, know well enough that the mother cat can be depended upon to destroy the unfit of her own litter. This fact alone shows that the cat possesses more courage and good judgment in this respect than we humans do, who point an accusing finger at her when she treats the unfit of bird world in a like manner.

I also heartily disagree with the statement made in this pamphlet that the cat is unnecessary as a rodent destroyer. There is no method yet conceived that will rid premises of these pests half so thoroughly and effectively as to have a female cat take up her abode on the premises. Continually we have people come to the Hospital to secure cats for this purpose, after all other methods have been tried and failed. Some people object to the kittens that arrive twice a year, but I can assure

Why We Need Cats

you that they will not cause you a hundredth part of the trouble and destruction that the same number of rats or mice would cause."

From "Our Dumb Animals"

THE TRUTH ABOUT CATS

TO TELL the whole truth about cats, it must be said of them that while they are not given the power to discriminate as to the prey that should be spared, and are unable to understand why they are blamed for the "murder" of birds and praised for killing rats, they hold a valuable place in the world of economics. In fact there are few business places where the services of the cat are not employed. In the administration of the United States government the maintenance of post-office cats is provided for in the annual budget. Minnie, the official mouser in the New York Equitable building, with headquarters on the fourth floor and an attendant who looks after her welfare, has become famous for her sagacity and efficiency. She represents one of the thousands of the feline race that hold similar positions as co-operating agents in human activities.

As a domestic pet the cat has been closely associated with mankind for 3000 years, and the song birds that we all love are still with us, and plentiful wherever there are trees and shrubs.

J. R. Nichols

CATS OR RATS

CATS ARE Nature's experts as destroyers of rats and mice, acknowledged to be unexcelled, because they seek them where nothing else could reach them. . . . For some hundreds of years the cat has been serving man's interest faithfully, and as one of his best helpers.

Alexander and Some Other Cats

One of the cat's most valued services to man lies in its protection of the mails, and Congress recognizes this service by making provision annually for Government cats. They are entered on the payroll as employees and considered so important, that even during periods of strict economy their number has never been reduced. In Togo, "official cats" are kept, in order to prevent rats from causing an epidemic of the plague, and as the danger of this is greatest in coast towns, the government has directed that the number of cats kept in them should be largely increased. In Hong Kong it is compulsory that a cat be kept in every house and in the larger houses three are required.

Should cats be exterminated or their number largely reduced the world would be inundated with rodents.

Mary Craig Yarrow

WHY WE NEED CATS

IN THE many articles I have read in the papers on getting rid of rats, I have failed to see anything about the help that cats have been in city and country, in houses, stores, factories, barns, chicken yards, in lessening the number of rats as well as mice. This seems to me to savor of ingratitude. The omission may be partly due to the determined attempt that has been made by a few prejudiced persons to make the public believe that cats are of no use, and particularly that they do not catch rats.

Cats are said not to be of much use as mousers, and of no use in catching rats. That some cats catch some birds, I do not deny, but on the very face of it the statements made as to the immense number they catch is all guesswork. If the numbers were as great as have been stated, considering the fact that cats

Why We Need Cats

have been domestic animals for over 3,000 years, we should not have a bird left in the country where cats are kept. Cats, they say, are the birds' greatest enemies, yet it is well known that over 5,000,000 men and boys are licensed to shoot every year, and besides these licensed gunners, there are hundreds that are unlicensed, men and boys, the latter with air guns, who go into the woods and fields, shooting any kind of birds or game they can spy out.

I have been sending out a circular inquiring at stores, factories and at private houses as to whether the cats they kept catch rats, and I have had a great number of replies saying that the cat or cats the writers own are good ratters, and their services are indispensable.

A prominent Boston merchant had a cat which he said in so many words was worth her weight in gold. She had saved him thousands of dollars' worth of property a year. He had known her to catch fourteen large rats in one night.

In a house and barn near Boston, where rats and mice ran riot, in spite of traps, and two dogs that occasionally caught a rat, a cat was introduced last summer. This cat first cleared the house of mice, then going to the barn he has caught rats so large that he had to drag them down the driveway to the house when he wished to exhibit them to his mistress. After he has received the praise he feels is his due, he leaves the rat in the yard and one of the dogs buries it.

I could multiply these instances by the hundreds. If the men and women who value cats highly for their usefulness in catching rats and mice should begin writing to your paper, your columns might be filled with letters in praise of the cat.

In tenements and lodging houses cats are of such great value that some lodging house or boarding house owners declare

they would have to give up their business without their aid. Farmers, almost without exception, declare cats to be indispensable, and one woman wrote me that her chicken house was protected from rats by her cat. Before she had the cat the rats devoured her chickens.

With the threat of the bubonic plague always before us, can we afford to ignore an agency that has proved of so much value? When the Japanese undertook to eliminate the plague from their country one of their first measures was to import a cargo of cats from the United States.

It is an interesting fact that every week we are having complaints because we have not more cats that we are willing to place in homes where they are wanted for the purpose of catching rats and mice.

If the Audubon Society and Humane Societies would circulate widely a simple leaflet instructing people who own female cats not to let all the kittens live and give them away indiscriminately; to keep their cats in the house nights and in the early morning hours when birds are getting breakfast for their young; never to desert their cats and so force them to seek their living in woods and fields; also to begin with the kittens and train them, as they would dogs, to let the birds alone, they would do much more for the interests of the birds and of humane education than to harp on the question of getting a law on our statute books which could not be carried out, or even be attempted, without cruelty, and which would, before a year was out, be deeply regretted even by those who advocated it.

It is a very serious matter to encourage this attempt to bring the cat into such bad repute. Some boys, not all, are only too ready to seize on any excuse for chasing and killing cats, or anything else, and already in some places where lecturers on



GENTLE KITTY GREY



INVESTIGATION



KITO — BUSY

Why We Need Cats

birds have been denouncing cats, a crusade against them has been started, which caused much suffering to human beings and cruelty to cats. It is a direct set-back to humane education.

*Anna Harris Smith, Late President
Animal Rescue League, Boston, Mass.*

CONCERNING THE LICENSING OF CATS

IN REGARD to a proposed bill for licensing cats it was said: "Among the objectionable mandates in the bill was the obligatory wearing of collars, and it was made legal for anybody to slaughter cats found without a license, a bounty of a few cents on each cat killed being provided as a reward. To teach our boys in this way to be cruel and in a sense blood-thirsty would have been highly objectionable to say the least.

It was strongly urged that the only proper method of reducing the number of homeless cats was by means of education and the support of Animal Rescue Leagues, where those who cannot be provided with good homes are put to death in a humane manner.

HUMANE AND PRACTICAL

HUMANE SOCIETIES are doing a great work in handling in a kind and educative way the problem of superfluous animals. People do not need to be taught fear or hatred of the cat, but they do need to learn to keep males instead of females, and to save only one kitten in a litter: to keep cats indoors at night, and not to abandon them when moving or going away for the summer, and to take the trouble to see that stray and unwanted animals are properly disposed of. This is more humane and more practical.

Helen Leighton

THE EFFECT OF CAT LICENSING

PIMARSENS in Bavaria, began taxing cats and one year later the town was so overrun by rats and mice, and so much damage was done that the law was repealed.

LICENSING A MISTAKE

AS I LOOK at the question there is a good deal of foolish and unnecessary hullabaloo over the cat. The cat has existed probably as long as the human race and the birds. We have all come down through the centuries, and the birds have persisted and the cats are still with us. Until even recent years there was no systematic effort to get rid of surplus cats. My own local Humane Society in the city of Albany, destroys some four or five thousand cats a year at the request of their owners, because they are surplus and unwanted, and as a necessity for the sake of the cats. I do not believe that cats are such a terrific menace to the birds. Most of the birds are to be found in public parks and country districts where there are not many cats. . . . There are two or three features of this question that are serious and important. I do not believe that it is humane to force cats to wear collars. Many of them would get caught and slowly strangle to death in crawling under fences and through holes. I do not believe that it is proper to permit the wholesale destruction of cats by either men or children with guns or slingshots. It is contrary to humane education and would contradict the educational work in behalf of humanity which we are all trying to do. The cat would escape to the woods if pursued and, to save its own life, would become semi-wild and destroy more birds than the domestic house pet. Few people would be willing

Why We Need Cats

to pay the price of the tag for the cat, and so the little animal would be pursued and terrified and abused.

There is a great deal to be said in favor of the cat. I think that I should lose about half of my young chickens on my country place if I did not have cats around. The rats and mice are certainly kept down in cellars and warehouses to an extraordinary extent. For two or three years I have had a serious loss of apples and potatoes in my country cellar from rats. This year a cat was installed, with plenty of milk and good things to eat. All the rats have disappeared and my goods are safe. That is the experience of thousands of persons throughout the country. I am strongly inclined to think that the cat license laws are not needed, and that the situation will adjust itself in the course of a few years of educational campaign. The great trouble seems to be that we have too many biased partisans or ill considered enthusiasts and reformers, who are idealists and not practical workers in animal protection.

*Dr. Wm. O. Stillman
Late President of the
American Humane Association*

SHOULD CATS BE LICENSED?

THE QUESTION of licensing cats was very thoroughly discussed in the Massachusetts Legislature during the session of 1914, and when the bill finally came before the Senate it was decided by a majority of two to one that the bill was not practical or wise.

Objections that carried weight in the discussion were the difficulty, and even the impossibility, of enforcing a cat license bill; the great expense it would be to the cities and towns,

the cruelty to cats that would inevitably result if any attempt were made to carry out such a law; and the serious increase of rats and mice that would follow if a crusade against cats should be started.

Another reasonable objection that influenced many people against the bill was the danger there is in putting collars on cats. Testimony was given about cats that had been caught in bushes and between the rails of fences and held by their collars. A cat caught on a picket fence by her collar strangled to death before anyone found her. Cats have often been found with a paw, or the under jaw, caught in the collar. A cat's neck was evidently not made for a collar.

One woman who wishes her cat to wear a marked collar told me that she fastens the collar lightly to prevent accidents, and the cat frequently comes home without the collar, thereby showing that even were her cat licensed it would not be safe as all cats found without collars would be likely to be killed at once. . . .

Cats are and always will be much more numerous than dogs, and far more difficult to catch. There would be great difficulty were a license bill to pass, first in catching them, and still more difficulty in trying to carry them to any cat pound. . . .

Where cats that have grown wild have been reported to us, our agents have not infrequently spent two and three days watching with their traps to secure perhaps half a dozen cats. It is practically impossible to shoot them humanely; dangerous and cruel to poison them; and trapping them required much time and patience. I repeat that catching cats is quite another proposition from catching dogs.

The suggestion which was made of a bounty, which might be paid to anyone who went out catching cats, was a proposi-



MEENA IN GARDEN



MEENA



MEENA



FRIDAY

(From photograph by Vinette Chalfant)

Why We Need Cats

tion that no humane person could for one moment entertain. If boys, for example, were encouraged to catch cats, it would be an education in cruelty and would be demoralizing in the extreme. . . .

Very recently a complaint came to the Animal Rescue League, that a large recreation park in the suburbs of Boston was overrun with stray and neglected cats and kittens. We called up the superintendent of the park and he indignantly denied the charge, and his denial was confirmed by subsequent observation. He said that the fact was that about two years before he had made it a rule not to have any cats in the park, but that rats and mice increased so enormously, owing, no doubt; largely to the amount of feed required for animals and the waste from luncheon parties, that the rats and mice became an intolerable pest. He had therefore obtained two or three good cats and kept them at different shelters on the grounds, where they were properly fed and cared for. The result was that within a few months the number of rats and mice was greatly decreased, and at the time he made his report they had practically been destroyed or driven away. He said further, that previous to putting in the cats he had tried poison and traps without avail.

This certainly seems to be a very convincing argument in favor of the indispensability of the cat in coping with rats, which are so great a peril to the public health, and which, in this country, annually destroy millions of dollars' worth of property.

A business man whose goods were protected by one cat he owned many years, said when the cat died that this cat had been worth thousands of dollars to him. . . .

The complaint that cats left to run wild in the woods destroy

Alexander and Some Other Cats

many birds has been exaggerated, but if this is the case, the game wardens and hunters are at perfect liberty to destroy these predatory cats, and I cannot see where a cat license law would help this matter at all. Indeed, it is quite probable that there would be more cats and kittens carried to the woods and dropped by those mistaken individuals who think that anything is better than death for animals, and not feeling able or willing to pay for a license, they would carry their cats to the woods and fields and leave them, in order, as they would express it, to give them a "chance for their lives." . . .

There are, undoubtedly, too many cats, but the difficulties in the way of enforcing a cat license law are so many, and so serious, that, however great the need may be to lessen the number of cats, this is not the way to do it. If the people want the number of cats lessened, and if they have not already an Animal Rescue League in their city, let them first organize one, and then let them support such an organization generously enough to enable it to do good work. . . .

Let us not vote for a cat license bill, because it would mean untold cruelty, but let us all work to establish Animal Rescue Leagues or Receiving Stations in every city and town in the country. This, and the rescue of old horses, unfit for work, from men who would work them to death, is the most necessary, practical, useful and merciful work that humane workers can do.

*Anna Harris Smith, Late President
Animal Rescue League, Boston, Mass.*

HOW TO TREAT CATS

HOW TO TREAT YOUR CAT

HARRISON WEIR, who has written a book about cats, speaks against the use of collars and ribbons for cats and kittens, "for the reason that they are liable to get caught on the spikes of railings or on twigs of bushes and so strangled or starved to death." Such an accident will of course cause great suffering, even if the cat escapes alive.

Phoebe A. Naylor in the *Sunset Cat Journal* says: —

"I have a great objection to the practice of putting neck ribbons on cats who are allowed to run at large. I believe that many a cat, in country places, gets entangled by means of his neck ribbon, and then starves slowly to death. As a case in point, I will refer to one true incident:

Some years ago, two friends of mine were walking through Yorkshire, England. One day, as they passed through a wood, one of them heard a cat crying weakly; and as he thought it such a queer place for a cat to be, he stopped and listened attentively. When he located the sound, he searched for the animal. He found an emaciated cat, so firmly caught by brambles on his neck ribbon that he could not move. In fact, my friend had to cut off the ribbon inch by inch before he was able to free the cat. When the cat realized that he was actually free, he weakly started walking in the direction whence my friends had come. If he reached his home alive, I wonder what his owners thought of his terrible condition, and if they had sense enough to leave off his neck ribbon in future."

THE WHISKERS OF CATS

A WONDERFUL provision for safety of the cat is her long whiskers, which help her to feel her way about at night. These are attached to very delicate nerves. By the use of these whiskers the cat can tell whether any opening she wishes to enter is big enough for her body to pass through quickly and safely.

A cat's whiskers are sensitive and should not be touched, as it may cause suffering. If they are pulled it causes great pain.

Cats should be stroked gently with the palm of the hand. Their bodies are tender and they should not be squeezed or hugged, even if done affectionately.

The tail of the cat is part of the back bone, or spine, which is made up of a number of little knots of bones joined together, just like our own spines; and pussy's spine also is joined to her brain. You will understand now why puss cannot bear to have her tail pulled, and why she growls and scratches when the baby drags at it. No wonder, for it affects her brain and half maddens her for a minute.

Cats enjoy being brushed often, especially on the head between the ears. This should be done carefully, always brushing the fur the right way.

HOW TO HANDLE A CAT

IN HANDLING the cat be sure to do it in the way she likes. Never stroke her fur the wrong way. In lifting her from the ground, do not lift a cat by the upper part of her body, leaving her hind legs hanging uncomfortably. If this is done roughly there is danger of rupture. Lift her gently by placing one hand under the fore legs, and at the same time lift her hind legs with the other hand. In this way the whole body will be supported at

How to Treat Cats

once and she can be carried very comfortably. Do not take her up by the nape of the neck. A grown cat is too heavy to lift in that way.

A PAN OF DRY EARTH

IF you keep a good-sized pan partly filled with dry earth (renewed when necessary) where the cat can always get at it, you need not, as a rule, fear that she will be otherwise than neat about the house. I know of a cat who has the range of the house day and night, and there is no trouble. A screen in the hall-way hides the pan. Be sure also that your cat has a warm place to sleep at night. Do not turn her out-of-doors. Give her a soft rug or shawl, all her own, spread upon an ottoman or within a basket, and your cat will show contentment and happiness in every soft curve of her graceful body.

A cat should always have a warm bed out of a draft. A box filled with newspapers, or a soft cushion with a cover that can be removed and washed (as a cat likes a clean bed), or, if in the country, a box filled with hay, will make a comfortable bed.

Three things are necessary for a cat's welfare and happiness: affection, warmth and neatness. A cat should never be punished, for she will not understand. Do not let her play with a mouse. Either take it from her or kill it; if she thinks you are going to take it from her she will kill it at once.

When a cat is crying about the house you may be sure that she needs something, either food or attention. She may be hungry or thirsty. No one should keep a cat unless willing to see that it is well fed.

Cats become very intelligent under the influence of kindness, and develop an understanding of language which is quite sur-

Alexander and Some Other Cats

prising. If you wish to develop this intelligence, you must act so that your cat will trust you. Always be kind and gentle, not gentle one day and rough the next. If you watch carefully, you will find it very interesting to see how she will come to you and ask for what she wants and will use different tones of voice to express different emotions; and how she will in various ways, show how much she knows and understands.

CATS SHOULD BE KEPT IN THE HOUSE AT NIGHT

LEAVING out of question the comfort of the cats themselves, it is a nuisance in any neighborhood to hear them crying or fighting by night. Many invalids and tired persons needing sleep are kept awake by this noise, for which those who own the cats are responsible.

A cat that is roaming about at night may be set upon by dogs or caught and injured. In order to get cats in at night, be regular about their supper, and make the supper hour late. Cats will come in to get their supper, and may then be kept in.

In the country, at the time when birds are rearing their young it is especially important to keep cats in all night, for it is usually in the early morning hours that they catch birds. Some watchfulness is needed in the day time also, at this time of year, if we care to preserve the lives of our useful friends, the birds.

FRESH WATER FOR CATS

CATS SHOULD be fed regularly every day, and always have a saucer or pan of fresh water standing ready for them. This may save them from diseases of digestion, and from fits which usually come from indigestion. Sour milk is likely to produce digestive troubles.

The dishes from which a cat is fed should be kept perfectly

How to Treat Cats

clean. They should be scalded. Whenever possible, a cat should have access to grass, as sickness is often prevented if she can eat a little of it in time.

You will find her very grateful for a little catnip occasionally, and if you will warm her milk she will like it much better. Do not have it hot, but just a little warm.

Butter, cream, milk, all these are good for cats and necessary for their health. Butter is an excellent corrective for cats. Give them now and then a small piece — say a half teaspoonful; they like it, and it acts as a gentle laxative, besides keeping the fur in nice condition.

Milk is not a sufficient food for any cat, but may be given as a part of the breakfast or supper. Milk can be given in the middle of the day as well as in the morning and at night. A kitten needs to be fed several times a day with warm milk and should have meat cut up fine once a day. It is well to mix vegetables with the meat, spinach, asparagus, grated carrots, whatever the kitten will eat.

NEVER GIVE POULTRY BONES

NEVER GIVE poultry or chop bones to cats or dogs. These bones splinter so easily and are so sharp, that they are apt to stick in the throat or injure the intestines. Dogs have been considered mad or have died as a result.

MEAT ONCE A DAY

GOOD AUTHORITIES state that a cat should have meat in small quantities once a day. It is important that raw meat and fish given to cats should be perfectly fresh.

Meat should be cut up into rather small bits, otherwise there is danger that a cat will not chew it enough, but will swallow

large and stringy pieces which may cause bad attacks of indigestion. Meat, either raw or cooked, should be varied with fresh fish once or twice a week, always cooked and with the bones carefully taken out. It often happens that cats are choked by fish bones or get a bone in the throat which causes great suffering.

Some vegetables are good for cats. String beans, sweet corn with the kernels slit down the center, and only the pulp scraped out, asparagus, squash, baked beans, oatmeal mush and milk, or bread and milk, puffed wheat crisped in the oven, brown bread crumbs in sardine oil. All these can be tried as a change of diet, but it is useless to force them on a cat. Cats know what they want and will go hungry a long time before they will eat what they do not like.

Often when a cat has been kept on one diet steadily for some time it loses its appetite and appears dumpish or even ill, when a simple change of food will bring it back to itself at once. Boiled liver is useful once every week or two, or when the cat is a little off its feed, as it acts as a laxative. It is not, however, good diet for regular use.

HOW TO FEED CATS

FROM "THE HUMANE PLEADER"

IT is best to begin feeding kittens at three weeks of age. You can start with diluted evaporated milk or some prepared baby food, but always prepare these foods in a double-boiler, cooking them long enough to make sure that all rawness is entirely cooked out. . . . Eskay's Baby Food has been found to be very beneficial, as it has albumen in it, which is something many breeders overlook in feeding their stock. Others will thrive on



SILVER LADDIE



SILVER LADDIE



KITO



KUNI WITH ANTIQUE PITCHER

How to Treat Cats

other baby foods, just as some children will do better on one food than on any other.

At four weeks of age, introduce a tiny bit of scraped raw beef. Scrape a piece of fresh round steak with a silver knife, then hold tightly between your fingers a tiny bit and let the kitten suck this slowly from between your fingers; the amount of this paste can be increased as the days go by. Never give this meat feeding near a milk feeding. Teach your baby kits to lap fresh drinking water by poking their noses right down into the saucer. . . . Kittens can be fed four or five times a day, just a little each time. . . . Never leave food about between meals. Always have fresh drinking water where they can get to it.

As kittens grow older, let raw beef be the foundation food. You can mix with the raw beef cooked vegetables such as spinach, carrots, peas, green string beans, in fact any vegetable except potatoes. . . . Rice can be used if boiled in several waters to get out all the starchy substance, then mixed about fifty-fifty with the raw beef. Cooked fish for a treat once in a while, but not as a steady diet. . . . An egg beaten well can be given once in a while.

Some cats like a little square of cheese once in a while, others will coax for a well fried out, crispy piece of bacon, all of which are all right for treats. Prepared cat foods are well enough to help out, but we do not advocate them for a steady diet. Do not trim off all the fat from the raw beef. Cats require a certain amount of fats just as humans do. Cooked lamb or mutton is good for cats, but not the fat from this meat. You can use cooked beef for a change at any time. Always remember that solid foods are better for cats than sloppy foods.

RECIPE FOR BREAD FOR CATS

TAKE FOUR quarts of bran, one quart of corn meal, two quarts of crushed oats, and one pint of animal meal. Mix into a stiff dough with skim milk or water, and bake in the oven four hours. Use the day *after* it is baked.

RECIPE GIVEN BY MRS. J. R. NICHOLS

THE BREAKFAST food I recommended is Malt-O-Meal. It's a preparation of wheat and malt. In the preparation of it I alternate meat with canned salmon. For the meat mixture I get a cheap cut of lean meat and cook until tender, then remove from the liquor and cool the latter, then I take off the grease and thicken the liquid with this meal to about the consistency of gruel when hot. When it cools it is about the right consistency. With this I use the ground-up meat of course. This goes farther in feeding than straight meat, and I believe it is better for the cat. For a change I use canned salmon as the base for a like mixture adding one egg. In this way Muffy gets the joy of the salmon and other nourishment with it.

How to PREPARE FOOD IN QUANTITY

FOOD for cats where a number of these animals are kept under one roof as in an Animal Rescue League or Shelter, where food must be prepared in large quantities, and at the same time be clean and fresh all the time.

8 lbs. Lean Meat — a little fat on it

1 lb. Carrots

4 Medium Sized Onions

1 lb. Rice

1 level teaspoonful Salt

Barley can be used instead of rice — Wash and soak over night.

How to Treat Cats

Cut meat in small pieces, add carrots, onions and salt, cover with cold water. Let it come to a boil quickly, then simmer slowly 2 hours. Let the meat cool in liquid. When the fat hardens on the surface, remove it. Grind meat and vegetables up in grinder, using the largest knife. Add the rice, which has been boiled separately in slightly salted water. Then add enough of the juice to moisten the mixture sufficiently to pack into moulds. Will keep in a cool place several days. In winter the juice which is left can be saved and added to the next quantity of meat loaf. It makes a very tasty dish for human beings as well as cats.

For the afternoon feeding we give one dish of the cooked meat and one dish of fresh raw beef, put through the chopper, using the largest knife, as the average cat does not like Hamburg Steak. Some cats prefer raw meat, while others like it cooked. The dishes are almost always empty in a few hours.

Canned salmon is not advised as a regular diet for any cat, but we give it to the cats once a day for the benefit of those that do not care for the above food. The salmon is mixed with bread which has been softened by soaking before mixing and is given to them for breakfast.

Fresh water is put down three times a day—Fresh Milk, night and morning—Catnip when we can get it.

The cats are given their breakfast at 7:45 A.M. At 11 o'clock the dishes are removed as we do not wish the cats to eat stale salmon and sometimes they do not eat it all when first given them. At 3:45 P.M. the night meal is given. As this food keeps well, it is not removed, so that the timid cats have a chance to come out and eat when all is quiet.

Alexander and Some Other Cats

If the care of cats is given to one who understands feeding, there will be little, if any waste, and no hungry cats.

*Margaret C. Starbuck
Animal Rescue League, Boston, Mass.*

FLEAS

ALMOST ALL cats and kittens sometimes have fleas. DO NOT use powerful soaps or kerosene oil on a cat. The best and safest way to rid a cat of fleas is to put her either in your lap or on a chair or table and comb her with a fine tooth comb. Have a dish of warm water close at hand and after passing the comb through the cat's fur, dip it into the water and wipe the comb each time with soft paper to remove the fleas and nits combed out. This is a much better way than to use Dalmatian or any similar powder, the use of which has been known to remove the hair and make painful sores.

It is a good plan to put cotton batting in the bottom of the cat's basket or box. The fleas are likely to be caught in the batting which should be examined often so that the fleas can be removed.

To sprinkle the basket with flowers of sulphur or sweet fern is said to keep fleas away. It is also said that fleas dislike the odor of lavender.

CATS AND GRASS

TO KEEP well, a cat needs to have access to grass. In the country, in the summer, she can find this for herself. In the winter a board can be placed on the ground over grass to keep it from freezing. In the city a box or flower pot should be provided and grass grown in it for the cat. Grass can be kept fresh some time

How to Treat Cats

by putting it between two stones or bricks, with a piece of wet cloth to keep the ends moist, where the cat can get it when she wants it.

A little fresh catnip should be given to a cat frequently. Good dried catnip can also be given. Catnip should be spread on a large piece of clean paper placed on the floor. Cats like to roll in it and eat it. They also enjoy rolling in clean dry earth. This can be placed in a shallow box on the porch for them in winter. Where a cat has no access to trees on which to sharpen her claws a rough board can be provided.

BORIC ACID SOLUTION FOR EYES

ONE-HALF TEASPOONFUL boric acid powder in one cup boiling water. The powder should be stirred in while the water is hot, then allowed to cool. It should be only slightly warm when used. This can be applied to the eyes of a cat by wetting absorbent cotton with it, and squeezing a few drops into the eyes when needed, in case of colds or when there is a discharge from the eyes. This is safer than to use a glass medicine dropper as a sudden motion of the cat might cause the dropper to be pushed into the eye.

For canker of the ear, mix white vaseline, sulphur and boracic acid. Wash the ears carefully and rub the mixture in gently. The ears should be kept clean and wiped out with a soft cloth, but great care should be used in touching the inside of a cat's ears.

It is not good for cats to be washed. It is better to brush them often. If it is necessary to wash a cat, use a white soap of good quality, such as castile, Ivory or Fairy soap, and rinse off the soap thoroughly. Medicated soaps are dangerous since cats

either by absorption through the skin or by licking are susceptible to numerous poisons.

Dog remedies for skin troubles should never be used on a cat. Painful sores would almost surely be the result, owing to the difference in the skin of the two animals.

DISEASES OF CATS

AS A general rule, if your cat seems ailing you can't do wrong to give her an emetic; try a little weak salt and water or let her have fresh grass and olive oil. If a cat is ailing, a little olive oil is a simple remedy. If a teaspoonful is placed in a saucer some cats will lap it clear, other cats will be more likely to take the sweet oil if it is mixed with one or two sardines, or mixed with oil that comes with sardines; or bread may be soaked in the oil, or the oil may be added to meat or vegetables. This is good to give occasionally when the cat is well; it will help to keep her in good condition.

It is also a good plan to use olive oil as a remedy for colds, constipation and skin troubles. A mixture of sulphur and vaseline, rubbed into the fur every other day, is said to be good for skin diseases, from mange and eczema. After this has been used for a week the cat can be combed and bathed gently with a damp sponge, to clean the fur. The mixture of sulphur and vaseline can be used every week until the cat is cured. It will not hurt the cat to lap the sulphur from her fur. When a cat scratches herself, and does not appear to have fleas, it is well to begin the sulphur treatment. Mix one-half teaspoonful of powdered sulphur with one teaspoonful of vaseline. This can be rubbed on the cat's paws, or the sulphur can be blown into her fur by little bellows that can be purchased. This should not be

How to Treat Cats

kept up too long. Try it for three days and then stop it for three days. Her bed may also be sprinkled with sulphur.

THE GOOD MOUSER

MISS HELEN WINSLOW says:—“ Some people have a theory that cats will not catch mice if they are fed; that the only way to “make a good mouser” is to compel her to depend upon such game as she may catch for a living. Not only is this untrue,—for a good cat will catch a mouse whenever and wherever he sees it, and whether he is hungry or not,—but such treatment actually detracts from her ability to serve as a rat-catcher. It has been amply proved that a half-starved cat suffers a weakening of the sense of smell. It is that sense which tells the cat there is a mouse near by, though out of sight; and a starved cat is deficient in the first qualification for what some people consider her mission on earth. On the other hand, a well-fed cat has this sense well developed, and her natural instinct demands that no mouse shall escape uncaught.”

Mrs. Mary F. Lovell says:—“ Many persons never caution their children to treat their cats kindly, nor explain what kind treatment is; they eat their own meals with unvarying regularity, but do not notice that the poor cat is thin; and in reply to any hint on the subject complacently answer that feeding a cat spoils it for catching mice, and that it is quite able to get its own living; that to kill mice is what it is kept for.

These persons do not trouble themselves to find out whether there are any mice to kill, or if there are, whether they are ever within reach of the hungry cat; nor do they stop to consider that a cat enfeebled by neglect and starvation is not in the proper condition to catch its prey. Above all, they forget that

mice are endowed with instinct, and can detect the presence of a cat on the premises by their sense of smell and of hearing, and are, therefore, wary and less easily caught as soon as the cat becomes a settled inhabitant.

MISTAKES ABOUT CATS

THERE ARE two mistaken ideas about the treatment of cats, which lead to actual suffering for that much neglected race.

First. That a cat will not "hunt" so well if it has meat given to it.

Now hunting is a cat's natural instinct, whether hungry or not. And even were it otherwise, the object of keeping a cat — driving away vermin — is effected by the sight and sound of a cat merely. Not to give cats meat is a cruel mistake, because their stomachs, like those of all carnivorous animals, are adapted especially for the digestion of flesh and fish. To give a cat merely cake, bread, scraps of fat, or such food which great hunger alone will induce it to touch, is apt to cause disorder in different forms. One frequent complaint, the house-cat's want of neatness, where they are kept much in-doors, is owing to this mistaken diet.

Now, to "take up" the next class of cat owners, — those who think (or rather who do not think, but "take for granted"), that cats can "live on what they catch." Have any of these people reflected upon how many mice per week a cat can possibly find in a neighborhood of modern, well-built, city houses, with cement-floored and plastered cellars, and concrete-paved wood and coal sheds, and all the other excellent mice and vermin-proof appliances of "modern times"?

A. D. T. in "Our Dumb Animals"



JOHN STEVEN McGROARTY'S YELLOW CAT
(From Photograph by J. H. Lampson, Tejunga, California)



TRIPP — THE NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD CAT

How to Treat Cats

CATS DO NOT CARRY DISEASE GERMS

CATS ARE given a clean bill of health in connection with the spread of infantile paralysis, by the American Society for The Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Feline pets are not disease carriers, according to W. K. Horton, of New York, general manager of that society, who exonerates them in the following letter:

“ I am sorry to say that the figures of cats destroyed are correct. Some one started the story that cats were carriers of the disease. The result was that there was a stampede on the part of owners to get rid of their animals, and this was especially true in Brooklyn.

“ We did what we could to check this useless sacrifice, but to no effect. We have yet to find any competent authority for the charge that cats communicate disease of any kind. The present commissioner of health here, told me that there was ‘nothing on the cat’ as a disease carrier. Dr. Wade Hamilton Frost, of the United States Public Health Service, in charge of the physicians who helped the local Board of Health in the fight against infantile paralysis, also exonerates the cat.”

The “National Humane Journal”

The Animal Rescue League employs twenty-five men and women. All of these come more or less closely in contact with the animals brought to the League. At least fifteen of them are handling, every day, a large number of cats, many of which are diseased.

An average of 25,000 cats and kittens are handled by our men and women every year. Two of our Receiving Stations are in the care of widows with young children. The children often

Alexander and Some Other Cats

go to the door and receive the cats brought to these Stations. Two other Receiving Stations are in Settlement Houses, where children are coming and going every day, many of them picking up and bringing in deserted and diseased cats.

In fifteen years there has never been one case of an employee or a child of an employee, or of one of the many children who bring cats to the League or to the receiving stations, taking any disease from cats or getting anything more than a passing discomfort from a bite or a scratch from an animal.

Most of our employees who are handling the cats and dogs have been engaged in our work for a time ranging from four to fifteen years,—time enough to make a good test of the danger of germs from diseased animals.

Anna Harris Smith

TRAVELING WITH CATS

WHEN a family is leaving for the country, in the business and excitement of going, the poor cat is often left without a thought. It does not put itself forward as a dog would, but retires from the noise and confusion and if it is not at last shut up in the house by some heedless person to starve to death, it is left to be a lonely wanderer around the only place it knows as home; hungry, thirsty, and more miserable than any one can guess who from observation has not learned the degree to which these poor creatures pine for home life and companionship, their natures being essentially loving and domestic.

We have not yet reached the highest form of civilization. When we have, no respectable family will venture to neglect, in such a heartless manner, any helpless dumb creature.

It is cruel to send cats from one place to another by express

How to Treat Cats

because they suffer such agony from fright. It is far kinder to chloroform a cat than to send her off in this manner.

How to CARRY THEM

BUT THOSE who do try to move their cats when they go away, quite often end by losing them. Frantic with fear, they jump out of the ill-secured baskets in which they are to be carried, or, if they arrive at their destination, they are at once let out to wander at will over the new premises, whereupon they set out on a search for the old home, and are miserably lost. A little care, kindness, and common sense will avert all this. Baskets with open slats at the top and well fastened, are very good to use for tame cats, as sometimes during the journey it is not possible for the owner to take the cat from the basket and hold it. A full grown cat, which is at all wild or likely to run away if let out, can be moved in an ordinary rough box, of which a sort of cage can be made. Turn it on its side and screw slats over the front. The cat can be put in with a little pan of fine earth before the last slats are put on; if they are screwed on they will not frighten it so much as if they are nailed.

The slats can be far enough apart to allow of putting in food and water, and the cat will be happier than it would be if it could not see what is going on around it. The box should be lined so that the animal will not be injured by any rough or jagged surface, or by the heads of nails which may have been left in it. A leather strap can be attached so that the box can be easily carried, and it can be taken into the car in which the owner of the cat travels. The sight of some one it knows will give it some confidence. Do not send a cat or any animal by express, if you can avoid it, but take it with you, and then

you can personally see that it has the attention such a helpless prisoner needs.

In any case it is very important that the box in which the cat is carried should be strong enough to resist injury from other boxes or articles of baggage.

CATS LIKE TO SEE OUT OF THE BOX

ONE PERSON who is used to traveling with cats, has little difficulty with them. She says that as a rule the pet cat will be happier if she can see where she is going. A friend had a basket with holes sufficient for ventilation (tightly fastened) when she started on her journey, but as soon as she was settled in the cars, the cat was allowed to come out, and lie in her lap, and she made no attempt to escape.

Another cat cried piteously until he was taken out of the basket and placed in a soft cloth travelling bag, with his head out, the bag being fastened so that he could not run away. He was quiet at once, and being carried (in the arms of his owner) and spoken to occasionally, he behaved very well and seemed much interested in all that was going on. Cats are very sensitive to a soothing tone of voice as well as to a gentle touch.

Another correspondent writes of a method which he has adopted for the last seven years in carrying a favorite cat to the seashore and back:—

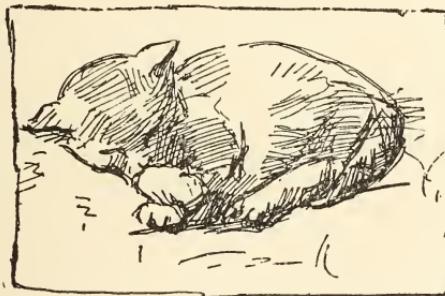
“ The cat is covered with what appears to be a long, white cloak such as infants wear, but which, in fact, is a bag sewed up squarely at the bottom and fastened nicely about the cat’s neck. That prevents all accidents by securing her paws, yet gives her ample room to move them in any direction.”

“ When the new home is reached I let the cat out very gently,

How to Treat Cats

in a quiet room with the door shut. I feed it there and reassure it by petting and kind words. I let it remain in that room at least twenty-four hours, then I gradually let it investigate the new premises, taking care that it is not frightened. I do not let it go outside the house at first, and on no account let it remain out at night."

"If these directions are carefully carried out, and the cat is well fed and kindly treated, it will soon accustom itself to its new quarters. Cats are timid creatures, and it is extreme fright — often too well founded — that makes them frantically flee away from new places. In cases where a house is closed, and the cat cannot be taken with the family, nor any other good home found for it, the only right way is to humanely end its life."



THE DESERTED CAT

THE STREET CAT

*Poor little beggar cat, hollow-eyed and gaunt,
Creeping down the alleyway like a ghost of want,
Kicked and beat by thoughtless boys, bent on cruel play,
What a sorry life you lead, whether night or day.
Hunting after crusts and crumbs, gnawing meatless bones,
Trembling at a human step, fearing bricks and stones.
Shrinking at a outstretched hand, knowing only blows,
Wretched little beggar cat, born to suffer woes.
Stealing to an open door, craving food and heat,
Frightened off with angry cries and broomed into the street.
Tortured, teased and chased by dogs through the lonely night,
Homeless little beggar cat, sorry is your plight.
Sleeping anywhere you can in the rain and snow,
Waking in the cold gray dawn, wondering where to go,
Dying in the street at last, starved to death at that,
Picked up by the scavenger — poor tramp cat.*

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in "The Independent"

HOMELESS CATS

A WRITER in "The Animal World" says: — "The cruelty of ignorance believes that a cat, though it has been domesticated, can always pick up a living for itself: so, on leaving a house, the cat which has attached itself to its home and its owners is left in the empty rooms to starve."

In every city we often see poor, half-starved, gaunt, wild-looking cats that have been thrust out to care for themselves

when their owners left the neighborhood or the city. Many of these have been pets and loved companions in good homes. In one neighborhood no less than three generations of homeless cats were prowling about, the result of leaving two pets to their fate when a certain family moved away.

Let every humane person consider the condition of these homeless cats: if in the country their only shelter is a crevice of rock in the woods, or a possible hole under some out-building. Every boy feels free to shy a stone at them, set a too-willing dog upon them, or wound them "for fun" with a pistol ball or air gun. Picture the poor creatures in times of drought, trying to get a few drops of water from a barrel or tub, and sometimes falling in and drowning in the effort. It is just as bad when they are deserted in the city.

In one popular summer resort, where there is a winter population of between three and four thousand, the inhabitants were afflicted every autumn by the painful sight and sound of poor, starved, wild-looking cats nothing but skin and bone, roaming about the streets, and keeping whole neighborhoods awake with their distressing cries in the night.

The ordinary domestic cat, when the recipient of kindness, care and affection, is responsive and loving in return. What then must be the feelings of the pussy who has grown to rely upon friendly protection, when she finds herself shut out from the only home she has ever known, and left to shift for herself? Faithful and trusting, she hangs about the familiar place, hoping that some day the door will open and she will hear a well-known voice calling her. She grows thinner and thinner and her cries more harrowing, until she slowly starves to death.

It does not seem possible that anyone can be guilty of such deliberate cruelty: — To take into one's home an animal to be



BROTHER AND SISTER
(Photographer Unknown)



GOLDIE AND BROWNIE



KUNI

The Deserted Cat

petted and cared for and then to abandon it to starvation and misery! Cats do become attached to people, although there is a popular belief that they do not, and when deserted in this way they suffer not only from want of food but from want of the companionship and affection to which they have been accustomed.

VAGRANT CATS

SOMETIMES it is necessary to kill humanely a vagrant cat, which seems too wild to be touched. On no account let any one run after it or try to catch it. It is useless, and only adds to its misery and terror. Speak very gently, and let it see you put food within its reach, withdrawing yourself to a distance. It is very seldom that a cat cannot be made tame enough to enable one to dispose of it in a merciful way. The secret is, to be very gentle and careful; do not try to force the cat; but keep still, and after a while she will herself, gradually approach nearer and nearer, and allow herself to be stroked. Very often, and indeed, usually, cats that appear to be too wild to tame, can be induced to feed out of a plate and be handled. Only patience and kindness are needed.

One poor homeless cat was so timid that she would run whenever food was thrown toward her, and it seemed as if one could never tame her; but very soon, the food being placed where she could get it, and being called in a gentle tone of voice she grew to have more confidence, and finally when one day the lady who had pity on her, touched her and stroked her, the poor thing seemed to lose all fear and became so grateful and affectionate that she was not content, when brought into the house, unless she could get into the lap of her friend.

What shall be done when cats are too wild to be handled and yet are so miserable that to put them out of existence would be a kindness? "Let me shoot them," says a boy with a pistol, or a man with a rifle. If sudden and certain death were sure to follow, this might do; but what if the cat is only wounded, and left to crawl away and suffer, it may be for weeks? We cannot trust the bullet; but, we are told that a gun heavily loaded with large shot, would kill surely and quickly; but this must be the resort only when no other means can be used, and always done by a skilful marksman.

If you cannot take care of your cat, or the hungry cats in your neighborhood, send for the agent of an Animal Rescue League or of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to dispose of them humanely.

If there is no Shelter or Society within your reach, you can put your cat mercifully to death yourself with chloroform, which is much kinder than to leave it to suffer.

It is better, however, whenever possible, to obtain the services of a good veterinary.

DIRECTIONS FOR CHLOROFORMING CATS

CATS, WHICH are chloroformed in air-tight boxes, usually cry and struggle, due to the fact that they are suffocated before becoming unconscious. This suffering can easily be prevented by the admission of a little air into the box (as described below), and the cats go quietly and painlessly to sleep, without any crying or struggling.

Have ready three ounces of chloroform and a box about the size of a soap box or a little larger. Place some food in a saucer on an old carpet or newspaper on the floor. Inside the box

The Deserted Cat

fasten a sponge or old cloth about six inches from the floor and wet it with two ounces of the chloroform. Do not have it near enough to touch the cat, as chloroform burns. While the cat is eating, place the box gently over it, propping box up one side about half an inch from the floor so the cat will get a little air. A lead pencil will answer the purpose. THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT, otherwise the cat will struggle and suffocate instead of going to sleep. Place a heavy weight on the box or the cat will get out. As soon as it goes to sleep (which you will know by its heavy breathing) pour the remaining chloroform on a cloth and put under the box. Remove the prop so that the box will be airtight. Do not disturb for an hour or more. As an additional precaution against the cat reviving, it should be afterwards placed head downward in a pail of water, for half an hour or more. Be sure and give enough chloroform and of good quality. If possible purchase chloroform in the original container from the wholesale druggist. The purest grade gives best and quickest results.

A leaflet giving instructions for making a humane chloroform box with air holes can be obtained free of charge by addressing The American Humane Association, 80 Howard Street, Albany, New York.

Some humane workers prefer to drown kittens, which do not have their eyes open, as it takes a little longer for them to die when chloroformed, than it does an old cat.

When the chloroform can be properly applied, it is believed to be painless, and that method is advised because there is more or less suffering in the case of drowning. Some persons, however would be willing to drown newborn kittens at once when they would not take the trouble to purchase chloroform.

DIRECTIONS FOR DROWNING KITTENS

TAKE a thin gauze bag or a large square of mosquito netting (do not use stocking or thick cloth. The bag must be thin so that the water will immediately penetrate it) and put the kittens in it with a weight fastened to the bag to keep them under water. If a square of mosquito netting is used, bring up the four corners and tie them together firmly, not too near the kittens, leaving room for the water to reach them all quickly. Lower them gently into a pail rather more than half full of luke warm (not hot) water, and place broom on to prevent rising, or another bucket of water as far as it will go into the first. The kittens should be kept in the water at least an hour. Do not dispose of the bodies until they are stiff and cold, so there will be no danger of their coming to life again, on exposure to the air. It is better to keep them for some hours before burying them or giving them to the scavenger. Kittens should be drowned without delay, as soon as they are born. They should never be kept until their eyes are open. Do not drown them in the presence of the mother and be sure to leave her one alive.

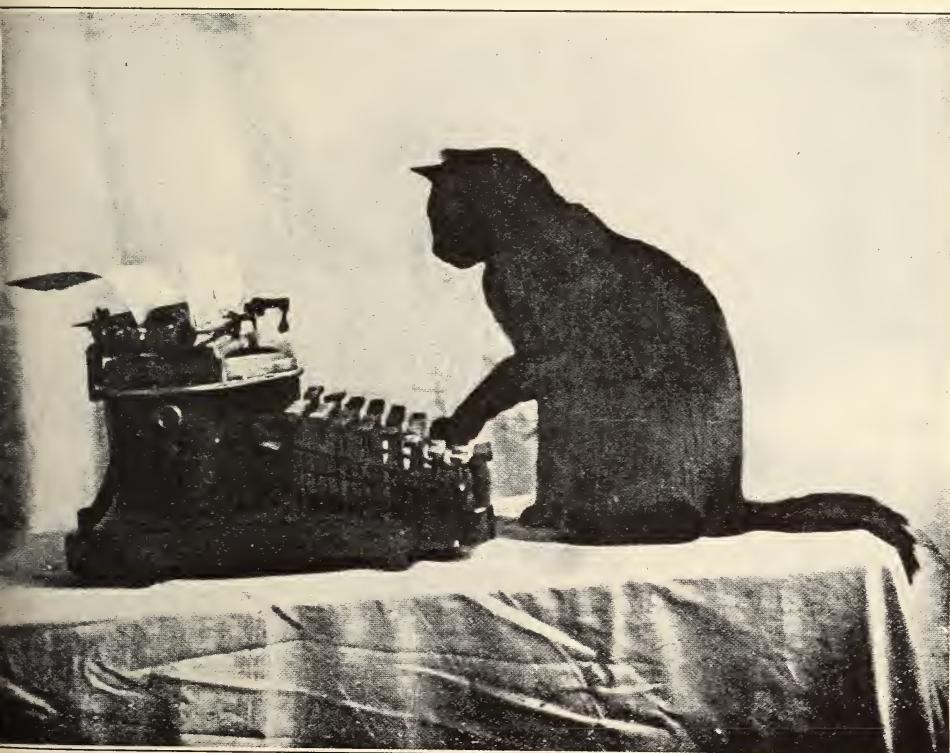
PREVENTION OF SURPLUS CATS

THE FOLLOWING method of dealing with the "surplus cat" problem has been tried out by an experienced humane worker, and found to be very effective:

"When we hear of a neighborhood with a surplus of cats, we go there, talk with the people, win their confidence, and select one reliable person in the neighborhood, who will take in all the sick, stray and unwanted cats and kittens, and telephone us to come for them.



TIMOTHY (*From Pencil Sketch*)



“MEPHISTO” (*Photographer Unknown*)



JIMMY AND JEFF (Photographer Unknown)

The Deserted Cat

We keep a list of all places where they have female cats, and visit these places regularly, several times a year, to get all the unwanted kittens. We always try to get all the female kittens, and also the mother cat, whenever possible, but if the owner wishes to keep the mother cat and one or two kittens, we select healthy male kittens to leave with the mother cat, and take all the rest. Then, after the male kittens are weaned, we try to get the mother cat. Frequently, the owner of a female cat will gladly exchange her for a healthy male kitten, so we always keep a few of the prettiest male kittens on hand for that purpose.

All of the females, which we get, are humanely put to sleep, as the only effective way to deal with the surplus of cats is to destroy the source. We never give out a female cat or kitten. There will always be enough female cats (which the owners will not give us), to keep the community supplied with sufficient cats to destroy the rats and mice.

When we have more healthy male kittens than we need for exchange purposes, we place them in good homes, which have been carefully investigated. We visit these homes regularly afterwards, going in at unexpected times to see that the kittens are well cared for. We never sell a cat or kitten, so we have the privilege of taking it back at any time, if not well treated, or if it proves unsatisfactory.

When we visit the foreign neighborhoods (Greek, Italian, Polish, etc.) we take an interpreter with us, who explains our purpose in asking for the unwanted cats and kittens, as it is necessary to win the friendship of such people before they will coöperate with us, and usually these districts have a great surplus of cats.

In each neighborhood we visit, we give talks to the parents

and their children on the proper care of cats. If we find parents keeping kittens solely for the purpose of furnishing live toys for their children and permitting the children to torment and abuse the kittens, rather than antagonize the parents by demanding the kittens on humane principles, we sometimes offer inexpensive toys (purchased at the 5 and 10 cent stores) to the children, in exchange for the kittens, thus retaining the goodwill and coöperation of both parents and children.

We do not permit the owners of female cats to put the unwanted kittens to sleep themselves, as most of them would do it in a very cruel way, permitting the children to see it done. We would much rather have the kittens given to us, so we know they are *humanely* disposed of.

We encourage people to feed the sick and homeless cats in their neighborhood, and try to tame them, so they can be coaxed into the house and kept there until we can come for them. All stray cats are carefully examined before we take them away from the place where they were found, as it would be very cruel to dispose of a female cat, which was nursing kittens somewhere in the neighborhood. In such cases, if we are unable to find the kittens, we always let the cat go again at the place where we secured her, so she will go back to her kittens. . . .

During the winter months, before the spring litters of kittens are born, we make a special effort to get all the female cats, that we can, as each female cat, humanely disposed of, prevents the birth of ten or more kittens yearly, thus decreasing our work each year.

Wherever possible, we establish "Cat Relief" stations, which we either visit daily, or have a helper in charge, who

The Deserted Cat

puts the cats to sleep within a few hours after they are brought to the station.

This method of collecting the stray and unwanted cats and kittens, and humanely destroying the females, if persistently followed for two or three years, will clean up the surplus of cats in any community; and by talks and by the distribution of leaflets on the proper care of cats, the people can be educated on the subject, so that they will help to prevent a future surplus of cats, and will take better care of those which it is necessary to maintain.

“Our Dumb Animals”

ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUES.
LEAFLETS

EVERY CITY NEEDS A SHELTER FOR ANIMALS

THERE are many organizations for the relief of men, women and children in every city, but no city or town should consider its charitable plan complete until it has provided one comfortable place where homeless, undesired, neglected, injured or lost animals of all kinds can be taken and humanely cared for.

These homeless animals, starving and often diseased, seeking food and shelter, are the result of criminal carelessness and indifference to suffering of human beings who —

1. Take a dog or cat into their home and, when tired of it or when moving to another locality, abandon the animal to its fate.
2. Or, when tired of it, carry or send it to a distance where they think it cannot find its way back, and leave it to starve or be cruelly killed.

3. Or the animal strays from what must have been a good home, where its loss is causing great grief.

4. Or, and this is a very common reason, some one who thinks she is humane owns a female dog or cat. Litters of babies arrive which the owner thinks are "too cunning to put to death"; she gives them to any one, to any child, even, without thought as to what care will be given the helpless puppy or kitten, or what its future may be.

The tenement districts are full of starving cats, many of them given when kittens to children to play with by women who

want to get rid of the kittens, but who cannot bear to have them "put to death." A worker in tenement house districts told us she had found children eating out of the same dishes with mangy cats.

Let the tender-hearted people who cannot consent to have female cats and litters of kittens put mercifully to death, *think on these things*. I would not harrow up the feelings of my readers by telling the conditions of cats and kittens that our agents often rescue, but I wish the tender-hearted could be shown some of the cases I myself have seen at the Animal Rescue League in Boston.

Much suffering of cats and dogs might be saved, and much of the work we are called upon to do, lessened, if we could get even a small majority of women to *think*. If club presidents, for example, would take up the subject of the care of animals and their duty towards them even once a season, also the leaders of Girl Scouts, if they could realize that to keep a dog or a cat is a responsibility, that they are answerable to God for its welfare, and that they are doing wrong to the Almighty Creator of all living things, as well as to the sensitive animals that can and do feel keenly hunger, cold and abuse, a great deal of misery might be prevented. They should think, too, of the neighborhood and community in which they live, which is likely to be troubled by the dog or cat they neglect, ill-treat, desert, and of the suffering they may cause when they place without careful thought any puppy or kitten in a home. If the hundreds of women and young girls that might be reached by these avenues of approach would think of these things, and consider how much good they might do by paying a little attention to the subject, we should soon see a reduction in the number of stray and homeless animals in our cities.

Animal Rescue Leagues. Leaflets

In starting a shelter for animals, great care should be taken to see that it is done by level-headed people, not foolishly sentimental, yet thoroughly kind-hearted in the larger sense of the word. They must be persons who wish to do good in a practical way. It is important to show the need of such a shelter work, not only from the point of view of the humane person, but from the standpoint of the civic worker whose experience in tenement house districts has proved that the presence of neglected and diseased animals is a menace to health, an offense against the rules of hygiene, and a particular danger to children who are always handling these animals.

In the suburbs of the city, and in country districts that are near enough to be benefited by a shelter for animals, bird lovers who are worried by the deserted or neglected cats, and farmers who have lost hens and chickens through hungry four-footed hunters, should be glad to help maintain a place where they can send uncared-for dogs, cats and litters of puppies and kittens whose owners are "too tender-hearted" to put them to death, but not too tender-hearted to let them multiply and suffer from lack of care.

Workers in humane education must see that it is helping their cause to have in the city a shelter for animals (the name "Animal Rescue League" originated with the work in Boston) for when there is such a shelter, many men, women and children who would turn away from a starving dog or cat for fear of encouraging the poor creature to stay with them, will feed it and take it into their homes, knowing that the animal can be sent to a shelter as soon as they wish to dispose of it. Children will come to such a place, bringing cats they have found on the streets, often in wretched conditions, and litters of kittens discovered in their own yards or in alleys nearby,

instead of killing them in cruel ways as is the case where children have no humane teaching and where there is no place to carry the homeless animals.

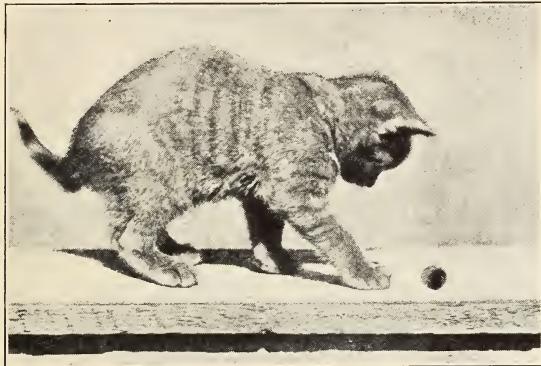
It is a good plan to have at the shelter leaflets on the humane care of animals, also stories that inculcate kind treatment, to be given to children when they come in. One cannot estimate the amount of good these leaflets may do.

UTILITY AND SENTIMENT

WE KNOW that a shelter work of this kind is not merely a matter of sentiment, though I may say just there, God help the world if there were no sentiment in man; or, I would better say, that God does help the suffering of the world through sentiment implanted in man; and when we are striving against sentiment, by which I mean noble and tender feeling, we are striving against God.

Having demonstrated the need of a shelter, the next thing is to form a practical plan for such a work. It must be something more than the ordinary, ill-conducted dog pound; it must be humanely arranged and conducted if it is to meet with real success; otherwise it would better never be begun, and it must be carried on in a business-like manner. The shelter should be conveniently located and easily accessible by bus and street car, otherwise there should be small receiving stations on every side of the city from which the animals can be removed to the central station. A small house with a shed and yard should be obtained if possible, but a shelter work can be started in a few rooms or a stable.

The arrangement of the shelter must be governed by circumstances, but there must be separate rooms for dogs in order to



KITTEN PLAYING



A CAPABLE CAT



JOHNNY (*Photographer Unknown*)

keep males, females, mothers with puppies, sick dogs, and fighting dogs separated; and the yards must be divided in the same manner. Cats should be separated in the same way. Fresh water should be available in every room, pen and yard. The animals should be well fed morning and night with boiled beef, mixed with bread or meal or dog biscuit. Cats should have a change once a week from meat to fish — take out all bones — and they should be given plenty of good milk. One secret of keeping animals quiet is keeping them comfortable. They are sensitive and feel the atmosphere of kindness. Plenty of good fresh water, and comfortable beds in boxes or cages raised from the floor, are an important part of this work for animals, no matter how short a time they are to be retained.

A HUMANE ATTENDANT

THERE SHOULD be a responsible, humane person living at the shelter all the time. Unless the man or woman in charge is in perfect sympathy with what is being done, the animals will not receive proper care. Great patience must be shown in every phase of the work, not wholly on account of the four-footed animals, but to bear with the many persons one has to deal with, persons who seem to be able neither to reason themselves, nor to listen to reason, when the welfare of dogs and cats is in question. I sometimes wonder if there is any other charitable work which attracts so many unreasonable men and women as a shelter work for animals.

There should be a night watchman and he should do some of the cleaning and keep the dogs quiet, not with a whip, but by speaking to them kindly when they get restless; in some cases it is well to let a homesick dog out of the kennels

into the office. There should be enough heat in winter to keep the animals comfortable. This also helps to keep them quiet.

Our rule is to keep all dogs we receive, unless very sick or vicious, five days in order to give their owners a chance to reclaim them, and always a limited number of the more desirable we keep an indefinite time, until we can find just the right homes for them. We keep some of the best male cats and kittens to place in good homes; the rest are put to death. If any cats come to us in such a way that we think they may have been lost or stolen, we hold them long enough to give the owners a chance to reclaim them.

CARE IN PLACING

WE ARE so careful where we place dogs or cats that one man made the remark when coming to us for a cat, "I adopted a child once, and had less trouble getting it than I have had in trying to get a cat from you." We felt complimented rather than otherwise. If we took them in only to let them go again to any irresponsible person we would better leave them on the streets in the first place.

We let no dog or cat go out without some payment. This is a protection for ourselves and also for the animals. If it were understood that dogs and cats were given away at the shelter without any payment whatsoever, the persons in charge would be overwhelmed with irresponsible men, boys and sometimes women, coming to get dogs or cats for nothing, sometimes, it might be, with the hope of selling them again. The rule of demanding some payment is necessary to protect the animals. It is also a help in supporting the work. Money is absolutely

Animal Rescue Leagues. Leaflets

essential with which to do work of any kind, and where it can be procured in a perfectly legitimate way, and be a benefit to the animals, it is best to be thoroughly business-like. If an animal is secured for nothing, it is valued accordingly. Rarely do we place a female dog or cat in a home. With a dog we always include a new collar, tagged with our address, and a leash; otherwise those who take dogs may put off buying and marking a collar until they feel sure the dog is satisfactory, and they might use a piece of rope for a leash. We take every precaution possible for the safety of the animals.

Everyone getting an animal from the Animal Rescue League has to sign an agreement, one condition of which is that it shall not be used for vivisection or any experimental purpose whatever. Then we follow up with postcards inquiring as to the welfare of the animal. We keep an accurate record of every animal received. We are not careless about our finances, we keep an accurate record of all money received and expended; our books can be examined at any time.

THE MAIN PURPOSE

WE do not keep a large number of dogs or cats alive, or give a large number away. Our object is to prevent suffering and to release animals from suffering, and to lessen the great numbers of those animals that have no one to care for them. We know that death, when humanely administered, is not an evil, but a blessing to all living creatures that are of no use or comfort to themselves or to the world, and we are positive that it is no comfort to dogs or cats to be herded together even if well fed. They all want individual homes and are miserable without them.

We take other animals, and birds, in fact we take any animal that is brought to us needing shelter. We have a bird reservation at our country annex, where is also located a cemetery for animals, and our Pine Ridge Home of Rest for Horses.

No one could love and pity these, our four-footed friends, more than I do, who for their sakes have suffered and sacrificed much; yet, seeing as I do the need of help all about us for human beings, I should not feel it right to spend money simply to fill up a house or two with dogs and cats, and keep them languishing in partial imprisonment just for the sake of keeping them alive. Neither would it be right to limit the work in this way, but I will be kind to them to the last moment of their lives. Experience has shown that for only a small proportion of the thousands of animals we receive it is possible to find satisfactory homes. Better by far for them is death than a home where they will not be made comfortable.

Is It WRONG TO TAKE LIFE?

THOSE who think it wrong to take the life of a healthy dog or cat, should ask themselves the question, "Is it wrong to take the lives of any of the lower animals? Is it right to take the life of the cattle, the sheep, the foxes, the rats and mice, all intelligent, all capable of enjoying life? Where shall we draw the line?"

This is one of the perplexing questions of this perplexing world. Personally, I would not take the life of or cause any suffering to the meanest, lowest creature that lived, to serve my own ends, not even in the cause of what is called science; but when they are so numerous that they cause the more powerful animal, man, to feel obliged to war upon them, I would every-

Animal Rescue Leagues. Leaflets

where establish organizations of men and women who will see that these undesired animals, also the animals that are killed for man's food or wearing apparel, are granted, at least, the boon of quick and merciful death. I think I could not bear the suffering I am brought in contact with, did I not hope and even trust that beyond their brief and clouded existence there may be another world where these faithful companions and helpers of man, whose sad and pleading eyes seem to tell us of an imprisoned soul within, may come at last to their own completion and find a place where they will no longer be in the way.

We, being strong, have no right to cause them suffering for any reason whatever. They are at our mercy. It is sad but true that a quick and merciful death is often the greatest boon we can grant them.

A shelter for animals — a rescue work — is not so much to save life as to save suffering.

*By Mrs. Huntington Smith, Late President,
Animal Rescue League, Boston, Mass.
From "National Humane Review"*

CONCERNING AN "ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE"

SOME ONE may be asking, "How shall I go to work to form such an organization?"

I think in every city the way must differ somewhat, but on general principles I should say, — first find a dozen or fifteen reliable men and women who are willing to act as officers, managers or directors, and choose those whose names will inspire confidence in the work. I say men and women, because

Alexander and Some Other Cats

observation has convinced me that the best work is done where both men and women consult together.

Get a treasurer at once who is a man or woman well known to be of good standing, a lawyer if possible.

Find a place where the work can be started, then get an estimate on what it is likely to cost per week for the first year to carry it on. You must have a practical plan to present to the public before you are in condition to solicit donations of money and members with their membership fees. You can present this plan through the daily papers, and by printed circulars, always bearing in mind that an indefinite proposition does not count for anything. I repeat that this plan must be practical. If you are proposing a Home wherein you intend to keep alive all the animals you receive; if you are going to try to cure diseased dogs and mangy cats, and place out in homes all the female dogs and cats you receive to increase the number of animals already too numerous, you will not be likely to get the support necessary to carry on such a work. . . .

Anna Harris Smith

HOW TO ORGANIZE A SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF ANIMALS

*Leaflet published by the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.*

1st. Interest as many people as possible in the community, by personal conversations, with regard to the work an organized society for the protection of animals might accomplish.

2nd. Create sentiment by the distribution of humane literature, by inserting humane articles in newspapers, by interviewing ministers or priests, and persuading them to preach on the

Animal Rescue Leagues. Leaflets

topic of mercy, and the need of active effort to make the world grow kinder.

Call upon a number of prominent citizens, men and women, see if they would be willing to attend a meeting held for the purpose of forming a society, endeavoring particularly to secure the coöperation of teachers in the schools and colleges and of the ministers or priests of the city or town, who should be asked to give notices of the meetings from their pulpits, urging a large attendance. When some interest has been aroused, personally visit those likely to be influential in the community and urge them to attend the organization meeting.

3rd. If possible get permission of some prominent person to give the use of her home for the first meeting, to discuss the advisability of organizing. This may be preliminary to any regular meeting for organizing the society. When it is decided to organize, a date should be set for another meeting, and a committee should be appointed to nominate suitable persons for the offices of president, secretary, and treasurer; also a board of directors or managers. This ticket should be presented at the next meeting, and of course the usual liberty of substituting other names must be given; but in the case of the officers, the probability is that the meeting would accept the nominations of the committee, as, having had time for consideration, they would be likely to have good reasons for making them.

4th. When a sufficient number of promises to attend a meeting are secured (say at least 25), engage a speaker, or have those who wish for an organization promise to make short speeches, presenting the subject. Secure a hall, room, or if neither of these can be found, a church. Get some leading citizen to preside. Advertise the meeting in every possible way, in the papers and from the pulpits.

The chairman, *pro tem*, should state the object of the meeting. A secretary *pro tem*, should be appointed. The speakers should make their plea. The vote should then be taken on the organization of a society, but on no account have officers nominated at this first meeting, as persons totally unfitted for the positions might be elected on the spur of the moment and ever after hamper the work of the society.

5th. Unless the treasurer who has been elected is unusually efficient, a finance committee should be appointed to solicit funds. No young society can employ an agent, which is a necessity, and pay him a salary without more money than the dues will provide.

6th. Make a canvass of the newspaper offices and interview editors and other newspaper men, arouse their interest and get their promises to give space in the papers to the propaganda for organizing the society. Much of the success of this movement will depend upon the attitude of the press.

7th. Call on the chief of police, or the constable or sheriff, if there should be no established police force, arouse their interest and show them the need of their co-operation in making the work of the society a success. More effective work can be done by these officers if they have the support of an organized society.

At the organization meeting, while the committee is out in conference, another action should be taken, the appointment of a committee to draft a constitution. The following may serve as a suggestion:

CONSTITUTION

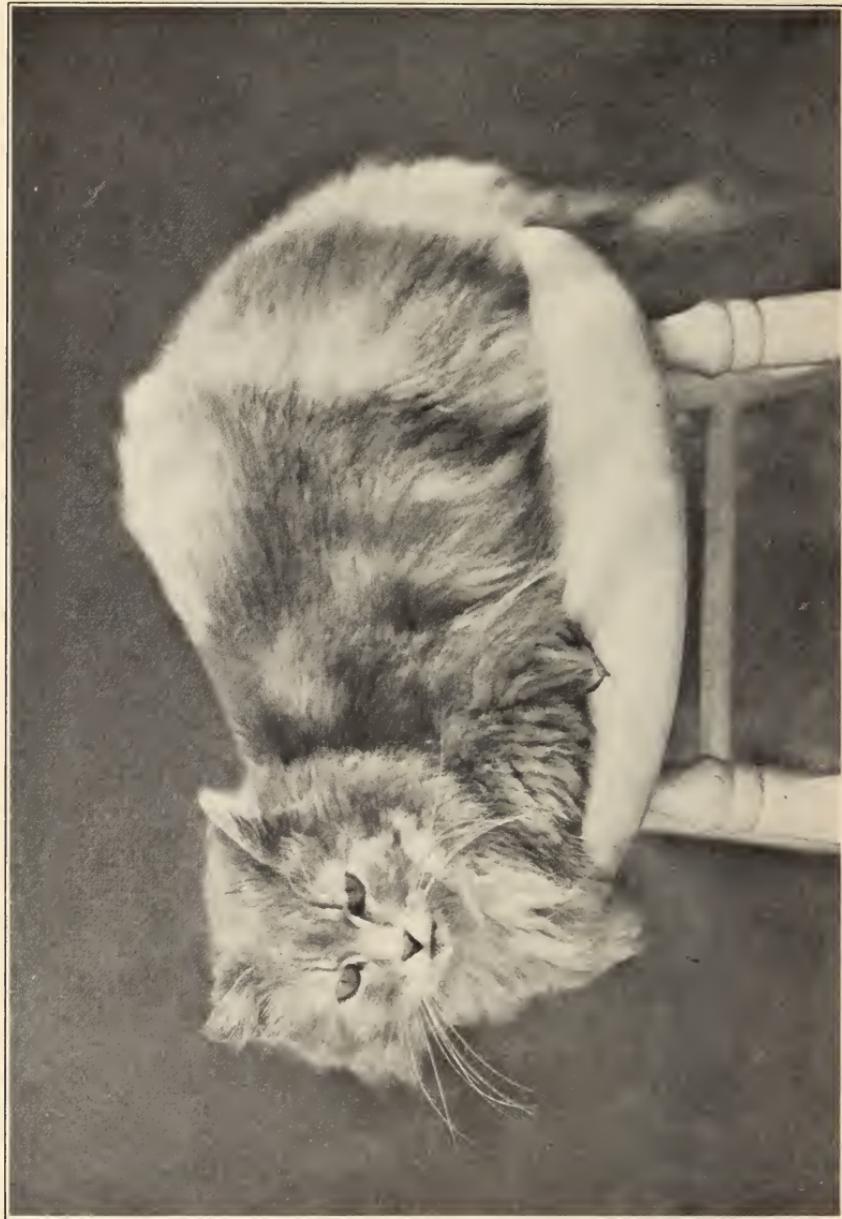
Art. 1. The name of the society shall be "The —— Society for the Protection of Animals."



QUESTIONING



VIGILANT



MEDITATION

Animal Rescue Leagues. Leaflets

Art. 2. Its object shall be the protection of animals by all proper means, and the prevention of all cruelty to them, by humane education and enforcement of the laws.

Art. 3. There shall be nothing in its management to interfere with its receiving the full support of all good men and women of all parties and religious opinions whatsoever.

Art. 4. Any adult person may become a member of this Society

by the payment of \$..... per annum, and any child
by the payment of \$..... per annum.

Art. 5. Its officers shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Directors, or Executive Committee, elected by the Society, and to serve one year, or until their successors shall be elected.

Art. 6. Meetings of the Society and its officers shall be held at such times and places as the Society or its Directors or Executive Committee shall appoint.

Art. 7. The President, Secretary, and Treasurer shall perform the respective duties which usually devolve upon such officers.

Art. 8. The officers of the Society may be either men or women, or both.

8th. When the Society has been thus properly organized, have a committee appointed to enquire into the laws of the State or county (if there are any such laws) that have already been enacted to protect dumb animals, and then have the more important of these printed for distribution among the members.

9th. If money enough can be raised to employ an agent or inspector to watch and examine animals and prosecute for violation of anti-cruelty laws, endeavor to have him given police power to do this. If this cannot be done, some police officer

might be appointed as Special Agent. Urge all members to report cases of cruelty to the police and then to back up the police in prosecution.

10th. Distribute humane literature upon all occasions, at county fairs, church sociables, theatres, etc.

11th. Through the teachers in the public schools, colleges and convents, seek to have the students organized into Bands of Mercy. Directions for this work will gladly be sent you upon request for same.

12th. Endeavor to have the ministers and priests deliver a sermon at least once a year upon the rights of animals and our obligations to them.

SUGGESTIONS

THE SOCIETY should have by-laws which shall contain nothing inconsistent with its constitution.

When societies are organized as branches of a State Society, that fact should appear in the name and constitution.

Dumb animals never have been, and never will be, in this generation, protected from cruelty in places where they have no friends willing to organize to protect them. A Society of only six persons, who meet once a week, or even once a month, to talk over matters, is better than no Society at all. Officers do not like to prosecute and incur the ill-will of persons who abuse animals, when there is no Society to enter complaints or sustain them in doing it.

WHAT ONE BOY DID

A TWELVE year old Massachusetts boy is worthy of a place among all young humanitarians. Knowing how many people

Animal Rescue Leagues. Leaflets

leave their family cats to shift for themselves while they go away on a vacation, he drew up the following pledge with his schoolmates, visited nearly fifty houses and secured the signature of some member of each family. This is the pledge as he worded it: "I promise to take care of my cat or other pets when on a vacation." All this grew out of his own observation of the many stray and apparently homeless cats abandoned in his neighborhood during summers.

PET ANIMAL SHOWS

AT THE request of a prominent and most deeply interested worker in our cause, we publish the following communication:—

TO THE EDITOR:

During the Be Kind to Animals Week some humane societies have, in the past, held pet animal shows. These shows are not enjoyed by the animals and the children are not really taught kindness when they are encouraged to be indifferent to the sufferings of their pets.

Dogs do not like to be separated from their masters, and it is a nervous shock to them to be obliged to associate with other dogs. They cannot understand that the separation from their masters is only temporary. Cats, especially, are timid, and suffer greatly from nervousness and fear when they are taken from their homes. To be placed near where there are dogs also, and where there is much noise and confusion, causes intense disturbance.

Even a promoter of these shows spoke of the difficulty in keeping terrified cats in cages and mentioned the effects of confinement, strange companions and noises upon the animals.

As a humane worker expressed it, "Pet animal shows exhibit cruelty to animals, especially to cats. In some places even trained animals are shown."

I earnestly wish that these facts might be realized and that pet animal shows might be discouraged, and I protest against these shows being held by humane societies.

From "Our Dumb Animals"

CAT SHOWS

MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH SAID — "I do not approve of Cat Shows at all or of any kind of pet shows. It is too much of a nervous strain on them. I have no doubt that the women who get up cat shows and carry them on do it with the sincere desire to benefit the cat, and to elevate its status in the animal world, but I wonder if they realize the suffering that the average cat has in being taken to a strange place. They are very nervous and timid animals, and cannot enjoy a strange place, with strange people staring at them. In fact, I have heard of some that came to grief through the Cat Show, just as I know of dogs that have been injured and even killed through Dog Shows. I do not like animal shows of any kind and do not consider them really humane."

In a story of a cat by Edith Carrington in the book "Friendship of Animals" she says: "Though his master was often urged to send Tom to Cat Shows, and was assured that he would win a first prize, Sir Emerson would never consent. He would not subject his favourite to so painful an ordeal for the sake of money or fame. Although they may not be subjected to actual ill-usage at these places, animals at shows suffer much from

fright, confinement, the absence of familiar faces, and the presence of staring crowds."

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION

GENTLE KITTY GRAY AND Alexander were sitting together in the sun on the porch and they overheard some one who was reading a story aloud say — "That person is catty." The author had made one of her characters who had done something offensive call the other "catty." "Now what does she mean by that?" Alexander asked. "She had done something the other did not like but it was nothing any cat could or would do." "It is not fair" — said Gentle Kitty Gray — "cats are often abused and misunderstood, there is already enough prejudice against us. Why fasten upon us characteristics of human beings?"

The cats were right. When a human being acts in such a way as to arouse contempt it is a libel on the animals to call him "a beast" or a "dog" or an "ass" — or "catty."

We wish that authors would realize how much they can do to further humane education which is the foundation of all reform, and the most satisfactory method of preventing cruelty and crime. Those who understand the meaning of humane education agree as to its value. Some of the ways in which writers could help would be by introducing into the conversations of their characters more about this necessity of kindness to animals as well as to human beings.

Instead of making their heroes (who are otherwise models of fine qualities), love to shoot and kill for pleasure, substitute the idea that a camera gives a man the best idea of the beauty of birds and animals, and that these creatures can be more fully

enjoyed by making photographs of them. Instead of describing the lovely heroine arrayed in furs, they might mention her abhorrence of the cruelty connected with the obtaining of furs. The prolonged agony and suffering of the trapped animal might be mentioned. Mr. Edwin Markham has made a fine contribution through his poem "Fur Folks." No doubt many authors are already doing this work of humane education each in his own way.

The writers of today have valuable opportunities to help arouse interest and mold public opinion. Dr. Francis H. Rowley says "the cultivation of the spirit of kindness to animals is but the starting point toward that larger humanity which includes one's fellows of every race and clime."

A LETTER TO CHILDREN

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

DO NOT ask your father or mother to let you keep a dog, or a cat, or a bird, unless you are willing to take the time to see that it is well cared for and happy.

Kittens and puppies are like little babies, and you should be very careful how you handle them. They should not be pulled about by one paw, or by the tail, or be squeezed like a doll, that has no feeling. It hurts them just as much as it would hurt you to be handled roughly. Sometimes they die because children have been so rough with them.

Remember that dogs and cats have as good an appetite as you have, and they suffer as much when they are hungry or thirsty as you do. You should see that they have food that they like every day, and plenty of water to drink.

It is cruel to let dogs run after a bicycle or an automobile.

Animal Rescue Leagues. Leaflets

They are apt to get a fit from running so fast. They get left behind and lost, or sometimes they are run over by a car behind.

Dogs or cats suffer if you do not show them any love. Pat them gently and speak to them kindly. When they meet you they look for a kind word, and are disappointed if you do not give it to them.

Both dogs and cats need a chance to run out of doors. They suffer when they are shut up most of the day. They need exercise just the same as you do. Remember that they are living creatures, not playthings that cannot feel, or suffer.

Your cat or your dog should be kept in the house at night unless you have a warm, comfortable barn for them to sleep in. It is not right to shut them out of doors, even if they want to go. They are apt to disturb the neighbors by crying, and they need a comfortable bed.

When you go away on a vacation, be sure your dog or your cat or kitten is taken good care of while you are gone. This is a very sad thing that happens to these poor little animals — people go away and leave them; they cry around the empty house; they are hungry and lonesome; they sometimes starve to death. They suffer a great deal, and kind-hearted people suffer to hear them cry. How can you enjoy your vacation if you have left an animal behind to suffer?

It is not safe to put collars on cats. They are apt to get caught in bushes, or when they are climbing trees, and they may strangle to death before anyone finds them. Even a ribbon is not always safe. I have known cats to get their lower jaws caught in a ribbon and not be able to close their mouths until the ribbon had been cut. Dogs should always wear collars, but cats' necks are different.

Alexander and Some Other Cats

Sometimes it is necessary to keep a dog fastened for a little while. If you have not a yard with a high fence, you can run a wire from your back door to a tree or a post, and on this wire put an iron ring to which the dog's leash may be attached. Then the dog can run back and forth the full length of the wire. There should be shade on one side, so that the dog may be either in the sun or in the shade, then he will not suffer so much from losing his freedom.

There is one thing that grown people and children should think of. It is dangerous to dogs and cats when tin cans that have contained meat or fish are thrown out where they can get at them. They are apt to put their heads in the can to lap it, then they get their heads caught and die, unless someone can release them. It is not easy to get a tin can off an animal's head. I have known a cat to be nearly dead before it could be freed. It is very little trouble to pound down the mouth of a can before throwing it out, and it may save a great amount of suffering to these little four-footed friends of ours. Please think of it.

There is another good thing that children can do,—they can feed the birds in winter, whether they live in the city or the country. Either they can have a little bird table in their yard, or if they have no room they can save the crumbs and sprinkle them on the snow, or make a bare space on the ground for them. I am sure all the children who do it will be delighted to see the birds coming to this lunch counter. In the summer it is a kind act to put dishes of water for the birds or for cats and dogs. There are so many things children can do to make life happier for birds and animals that I hope they will try a little harder to think of these things, and do them.

Anna Harris Smith

[198]

MOLLIE WHITE-FOOT'S VACATION

WHEN MRS. PERKINS gave Clara Bourne her prettiest kitten, the gray one that had four white feet, she thought Clara loved kittens. She did not know that it was her own amusement Clara loved, and that she wanted a kitten just as she wanted a doll to play with.

Clara carried the kitten home; and, fortunately for the kitten, the cook was kind, and gave it every morning a saucer of milk, with bread crumbs or oatmeal, and also looked after it at dinner time, so that Mollie White-foot had, on the whole, a very comfortable time, except when Clara played with her too roughly.

When summer came, Clara's mother and father decided to close the house, and go away to board for two months at the mountains. Clara was so delighted that she hardly gave a thought to Mollie until the day before they were to start. Then she asked her mother if she were going to take Mollie with them. Mrs. Bourne told her that it would be impossible, but that she need not worry, as Mollie could very well take care of herself for two months; and Clara, busy with getting her little trunk packed and putting in it her favorite toys and books, gave no further thought to the matter.

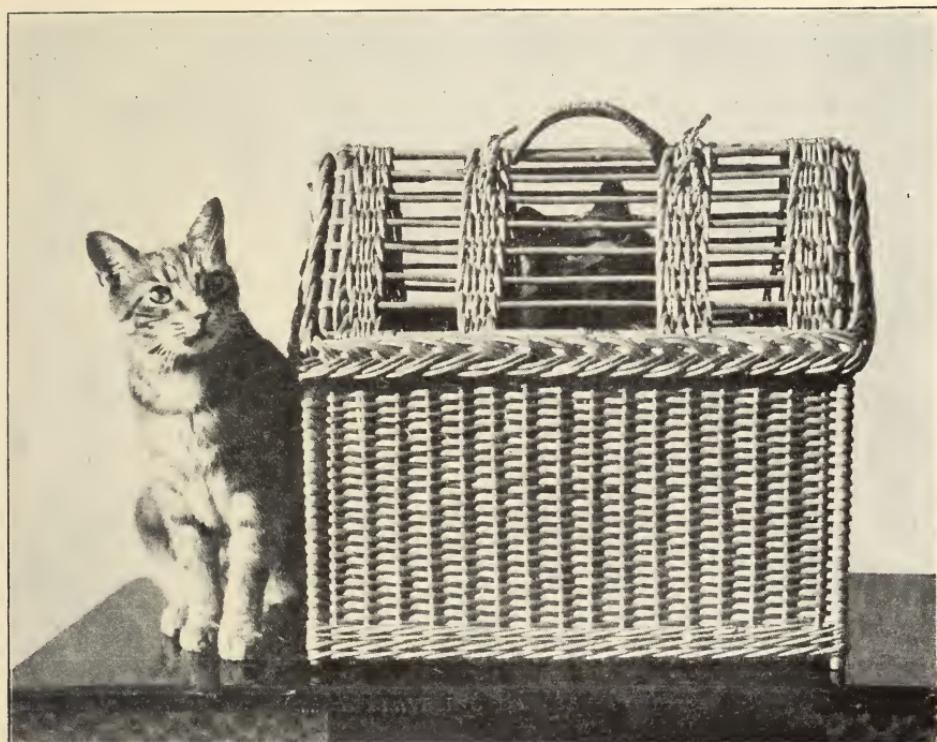
The Bournes started off in excellent spirits one pleasant morning; and as they turned the key in the door, Mollie came and looked at them, and cried as if she understood that they were going away, and as if she were begging them not to leave her alone. This made Clara, and even Mrs. Bourne (who did not like cats), feel a little uncomfortable; but they soon forgot all about Mollie in the excitement of the journey.

They had left enough scraps of bread and meat under the

doorstep in the back yard to last Mollie for a few days; but she missed her milk, and when night came, mewed sadly, for she began already to feel very lonesome.

In a day or two there was a heavy rain; and Mollie had to crawl under the doorstep as far as possible, and stay there until the storm was over,—an experience which she did not find at all pleasurable. She had never been a cat given to neighborhood wanderings; and, when her little store of food had given out, and no human being came near her, and, in spite of her most beseeching mews at the side door, the house remained closed to her, the creature began to feel very wretched indeed. She got so hungry that she could not sleep at night; and one night her cries reached the ears of a sick woman in a house near by, and kept her from getting the sleep she needed until her husband went out and threw stones and sticks in the direction in which the cries came, and then poor Mollie, frightened nearly into a fit, crept under the doorstep again, and lay in half-dazed silence.

That night Mrs. Bourne and Clara slept soundly in their comfortable room at the hotel among the mountains, and no thought of Mollie came to trouble their placid repose. The days which flew by so rapidly for Clara and her mother dragged slowly to Mollie. Now and then she managed to catch a bird, and once she made a scanty meal upon a very small mouse that ventured across her pathway; but she was getting too weak to do very much hunting, for which, indeed, she was sadly unfitted, owing to the manner of her bringing up. She ventured into the neighbors' yards in her desperation; but she found that the swill-buckets were all kept tightly closed, and, if she was seen, she was driven off with a stone or a broomstick. Many of the houses round about were shut up like her own



A TRAVELING BASKET



“ PLEASE OPEN THE DOOR! ”

(Illustration used with “Mollie White-Foot’s Vacation,” published by the American Humane Education Society)

home; and the families who were left were so indignant to think that the more fortunate ones who could get away should leave their cats behind for the stay-at-homes to take care of that they would not often feed a stray cat, or even tolerate its presence. Mollie saw two little pet kittens bereft of attention crawl away and hide and die; and she felt as if that must soon be her fate, too.

One day, when Mollie was prowling around in search of a bit of food, a boy threw a stone at her. Being weak with hunger, she did not jump aside quickly enough to avoid the missile. In the panic caused by pain and fright, she ran wildly, she did not know where, and by chance took refuge in a garden belonging to a house a few streets from where the Bourne lived. There was a little hole in the fence which she spied out as she ran; and, being thin, she crawled through, and fell exhausted under a low-growing shrub.

The day and night went by, and another day and night; and Mollie still lay under the shrub, aching from the bruise she had received, and too weak to crawl about any longer in search of food and drink. Her mouth was parched with thirst; she slept and woke with feverish starts. How gladly she would have welcomed a taste of cool water! The third day was slowly drawing to an end when Mollie heard footsteps approaching her. She had met with so much unkindness that she wanted to get up and run away, but she was too feeble to do so. The footsteps paused, and a hand pushed aside the branches that partly concealed her; and, as Mollie raised her eyes and tried to shrink back under the bush, she saw a boy looking down at her. This sight alarmed her very much; for boys, as a rule, had never been kind to her. All she could do, however, was to lie still, and wait for the expected blow. Instead of the blow she felt

a hand touching her head softly, and heard a gentle voice say, "Poor pussy!" That was all; and, just as Mollie was trying to purr a faint response, the steps retreated much more rapidly than they had come, and Mollie, thinking herself forsaken, closed her eyes again in a sigh of disappointment.

In a few minutes she heard once more the sound of footsteps, and this time two voices.

"Here, mamma, right here under this bush," said one voice.

"Oh, the poor thing!" said another.

"Is she dead, mamma?"

"No; she is opening her eyes," was the reply. "Put the saucer of milk down close to her head."

Help had come to Mollie at last, but it seemed as if it were too late. Mollie could not take the milk. "Bring a little water, Henry," the kind voice said; and in a few minutes Mollie saw a dish of water placed almost under her nose, so close that she could by raising her head lap a little. She was so grateful that she tried to purr, and, in fact, succeeded in making a faint sound.

"Leave the milk, Henry, and the water," said the voice. "See that faded ribbon around her neck! The poor thing has been left to starve by some family gone away for the summer, and I think she has been hurt in some way. Do you see how wicked it is for people to be so thoughtless?"

From this time on better days came to Mollie. Slowly her strength came back under the ministrations of the kind little boy and his mother; and by and by she grew sleek and fat, and seemed quite like her old self.

Mrs. Lane had a few rules she always followed in her care of cats, and they were very successful.

First, she realized that cats, like people, need a mixed diet,

Animal Rescue Leagues. Leaflets

and she gave Mollie not only a little meat every day, but some kind of vegetable. Some cats, she had found, were fond of potato; some of asparagus; some would eat cabbage, and almost every cat liked corn and beans.

She was always particular to keep a dish of fresh water where the cat could get at it, for cats often are allowed, through thoughtlessness, to suffer with thirst. They need fresh water, as well as milk — just as we do. Milk cannot take the place of water. With their milk she often mixed rice, or oatmeal. She also carefully picked the bones out of fish, and mixed it with potato, or rice, for a change of food. Cats are sometimes seriously hurt by swallowing fish-bones.

She fed her cats regularly, and they knew just when to expect their food, so were not teasing around the house. She found that they were much better hunters after rats and mice if they were kept in good condition. It is only those who are very ignorant of the cat who imagine she must be kept half-starved to be a hunter. A well-cared for cat is always the brightest and smartest cat.

She never turned her cats out of doors at night, but kept a box of clean, dry earth, where they could get at it, and she had no trouble with them. A little training will make any cat neat, for cats are naturally neat, and it is only neglect that renders them otherwise.

She never tied a ribbon or placed a collar around a cat's neck, for there is always danger of their getting caught in some bush or fence, and getting serious injury. They may be starved to death, or strangled by means of a collar.

It is so hard to find good homes for kittens that Mrs. Lane saved but one out of a litter of kittens, the others she drowned in a pail of luke-warm water as soon as they were born. When

the water is warm it sinks the kittens at once, because it wets the fur quickly. If they are tied up in an apron they can be held down for a moment with a broom. Or another pail made heavy with being half-filled with water, can be placed over the kittens as soon as they are put in the first pail, to prevent them from rising. They should be left some time in the water.

Mrs. Lane's experience had taught her that cats have much more feeling and intelligence than many people give them credit for, and they thoroughly appreciate good treatment, as well as suffer very much from neglect. They learn to know the tone of the voice, the glance of the eye of those with whom they live, and respond to a look, and a word. They are very affectionate, and love those who are kind to them. They have great motherly affection, and it is cruel to take away all their kittens. One should be saved, and for one it is almost always possible to find a good home.

With such a thoughtful and considerate mistress it is no wonder that Mollie grew fat and handsome, and had no desire to leave her happy home for anything more than an occasional outing, or promenade.

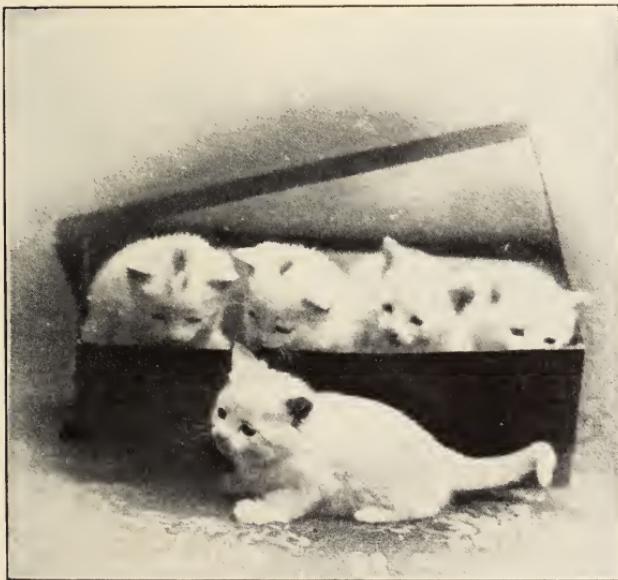
When the early days of September arrived, instinct drew her back to her former home; and there a great surprise was in store for her. The house was open again; and, as she walked leisurely toward the open door, Clara darted out, and seized her with a cry of delight.

“O mamma, mamma! just look here! Mollie has come back, and see how handsome she has grown!”

“Well, didn't I tell you,” said Clara's mother, casting an approving glance at Mollie, “that cats are quite able to take care of themselves when they are obliged to do so?”



(Illustration used with "Why We Need Cats"
published by The Animal Rescue League)



(Illustration used on the leaflet, *A Letter to Children*,
published by The Animal Rescue League)

“But, mamma,” Clara said, eyeing the large, beautiful cat critically, “don’t you think it strange she should have grown so sleek and fat? It seems as if some one had been taking good care of her. Just see how glossy her fur is.”

Mrs. Bourne would not stop to think about Mollie’s good looks, and it was not until she found the cat did not stay with them that she began to grow interested. “Some one has coaxed her away,” she said, when Clara bemoaned the loss of her pet. “I think it is pretty mean business! We must enquire about the neighborhood.”

All their enquiries, however, came to nothing. Mollie appeared and disappeared. It had always been Mrs. Bourne’s habit to shut her out at night, but when she made her next friendly call, a few days later, Mrs. Bourne allowed Clara to confine her in the cellar for two days. After this confinement, Mollie ran away, and was seen no more until Clara discovered her one day, sitting in the window of a pretty home with a garden about it, some streets away from her neighborhood.

Clara at once ran home and told her mother, and a few moments later, Mrs. Bourne, in quite an angry frame of mind, was on her way with Clara to reclaim the wanderer.

They were greeted very pleasantly at the door by Mrs. Lane, the lady of the house, and invited to enter. When Mrs. Bourne told her errand, and accused Mrs. Lane of coaxing the cat away from its home, Henry Lane was standing by his mother, and his brown eyes flashed ominously. “May I speak, mamma?” he said.

Mrs. Lane gave him permission, and Henry began his story. When he described in what condition the poor forsaken cat was, on the day he found her, almost dead, under the bushes in the garden, Clara cried, and even Mrs. Bourne looked

ashamed. He told how they had built up her strength, and got her into that fine and sleek condition by careful attention.

Mrs. Lane begged Mrs. Bourne to consider that a cat could not take care of herself any better than a child, "not as well, indeed, for a child can ask for food and drink, and some one will listen, but a poor cat is driven from house to house, hungry and thirsty, and it may be days, before any one will take pity on her forlorn condition, and sometimes, alas, not at all." She said, "I cannot understand how people can be so cruel as to leave their pets to suffer when they are going away to enjoy themselves." If they cannot take them or find a good home for them they ought to have them humanely disposed of — usually any humane society will send an agent to do this or give directions for the best method of chloroforming an animal.

She told, with tears in her eyes, how Henry, climbing over a fence into the back yard of a house that had been shut up all summer, attracted by a faint mew, had found under the back doorsteps a mother cat, dead of starvation, and five little kittens, three of them dead. The other two had a little life left in them, and those he had brought home to her, and she had mercifully ended their sufferings.

"Now," Mrs. Lane said, "you have heard all the story, and you may take Mollie if you think best, or I will get you a very pretty kitten I know about, if you will promise never to leave her to 'take care of herself,' and will adopt my method of treatment."

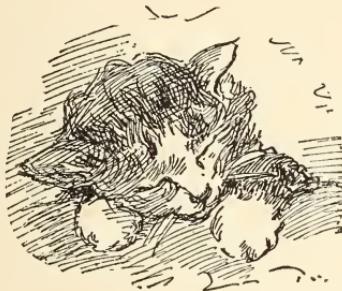
Mrs. Bourne was not a hard-hearted woman, only thoughtless and selfish, but Mrs. Lane had convinced her of her wrong-doing, and she very readily promised to treat the new pet differently.

Animal Rescue Leagues. Leaflets

Mrs. Bourne and Clara thanked Mrs. Lane for her kind advice, and the promise of a kitten, and went their way, sadder and wiser for hearing the true story of Mollie's vacation.

Anna Harris Smith

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480090

